THE FORUM
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BIOGRAPHY

JOHN MASEFIELD

WHEN I am buried, all my thoughts and acts
Will be reduced to lists of dates and facts,
And long before this wandering flesh is rotten
The dates which made me will be all forgotten;
And none will know the gleam there used to be
About the feast days freshly kept by me,
But men will call the golden hour of bliss
" About this time," or " shortly after this."

Men do not heed the rungs by which men climb
Those glittering steps, those milestones upon Time,
Those tombstones of dead selves, those hours of birth,
Those moments of the soul in years of earth.
They mark the height achieved, the main result,
The power of freedom in the perished cult,
The power of boredom in the dead man's deeds,
Not the bright moments of the sprinkled seeds.

By many waters and on many ways
I have known golden instants and bright days:
The day on which, beneath an arching sail,
I saw the Cordilleras and gave hail;
The summer day on which in heart's delight
I saw the Swansea Mumbles bursting white;
The glittering day when all the waves wore flags
And the ship Wanderer came with sails in rags;
That curlew-calling time in Irish dusk
When life became more splendid than its husk,

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When the rent chapel on the brae at Slains
Shone with a doorway opening beyond brains;
The dawn when, with a brace-block's creaking cry,
Out of the mist a little barque slipped by,
Spilling the mist with changing gleams of red,
Then gone, with one raised hand and one turned head;
The howling evening when the spindrift's mists
Broke to display the four Evangelists,
Snow-capped, divinely granite, lashed by breakers,
Wind-beaten bones of long since buried acres;
The night alone near water when I heard
All the sea's spirit spoken by a bird;
The English dusk when I beheld once more
(With eyes so changed) the ship, the citied shore,
The lines of masts, the streets so cheerly trod
(In happier seasons) and gave thanks to God.
All had their beauty, their bright moment's gift,
Their something caught from Time, the ever-swift.

All of those gleams were golden; but life's hands
Have given more constant gifts in changing lands;
And when I count those gifts, I think them such
As no man's bounty could have bettered much:
The gift of country life, near hills and woods
Where happy waters sing in solitudes;
The gift of being near ships, of seeing each day
A city of ships with great ships under way,
The great street paved with water, filled with shipping,
And all the world's flags flying and seagulls dipping.

Yet when I'm dust my penman may not know
Those water-tramping ships which made me glow,
But think my wonder mad and fail to find
Their glory, even dimly, from my mind;
And yet they made me: not alone the ships,
But men hard-palmed from tallying-on to whips,
The two close friends of nearly twenty years,
Sea-followers both, sea-wrestlers and sea-peers,

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Whose feet with mine wore many a bolthead bright
Treading the decks beneath the riding light.
Yet death will make that warmth of friendship cold
And who'll know what one said and what one told—
Our heart's communion and the broken spells
When the loud call blew at the strike of bells?
No one, I know, yet let me be believed
A soul entirely known is life achieved.

Years blank with hardship never speak a word,
Live in the soul to make the being stirred.
Towns can be prisons where the spirit dulls
Away from mates and ocean-wandering hulls,
Away from all bright water and great hills
And sheep-walks where the curlews cry their fills,
Away from men who rank in social plan
By something generous in the inner man,
Away from simple men who do not shirk
Their part in friendship or their share in work,
Away in towns, where eyes have naught to see
But dead museums and miles of misery,
And floating life unrooted from man's need
And miles of fish-hooks baited to catch greed,
And life made wretched out of human ken
And miles of shopping women served by men,
And lust and vice and hatred and foul mind
Crying for blood and turning people blind,
Where sedentary days breed paper strife
And books and pictures take the place of life.
So, if the penman sums up London days,
Let him but say that there were holy ways,
Dull Bloomsbury streets of dull brick mansions old,
With stinking doors where women stood to scold,
And drunken waits at Christmas with their horn
Droning the news, in snow, that Christ was born;
And windy gas lamps and the wet roads shining
And that old carol of the midnight whining,
And that old room (above the noisy slum)

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Where there was wine and fire and talk with some,
Under strange pictures of the wakened soul,
To whom this earth was but a burnt-out coal.
O Time, bring back those midnights and those friends,
Those glittering moments that a spirit lends
That all may be imagined from the flash,
The cloud-hid god-game through the lightning gash,
Those hours of stricken sparks from which men took
Light to send out to men in song or book.
Those friends who heard St. Pancras' bells strike two,
Yet stayed until the barber's cockerel crew,
Talking of noble styles, the Frenchman's best,
The thought beyond great poets not expressed,
The glory of mood, where human frailty failed,
The forts of human light not yet assailed,
Till the dim room had mind and seemed to brood,
Binding our wills to mental brotherhood,
Till we became a college, and each night
Was discipline and manhood and delight,
Till our farewells and winding down the stairs
At each gray dawn had meaning that Time spares,
That we, so linked, should roam the whole world round
Teaching the ways our brooding minds had found,
Making that room our Chapter, our one mind
Where all that this world soiled should be refined.

Often at night I tread those streets again
And see the alley glimmering in the rain,
Yet now I miss that sign of earlier tramps,
A house with shadows of plane-boughs under lamps,
The secret house where once a beggar stood
Trembling and blind to show his woe for food;
And now I miss that friend who used to walk
Home to my lodgings with me, deep in talk
Wearing the last of night out in still streets
Trodden by us and policemen on their beats,
And cats, but else deserted; now I miss
That lively mind and guttural laugh of his

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And that strange way he had of making gleam,
Like something real, the art we used to dream.

London has been my prison; but my books,
Hills and great waters, laboring men and brooks,
Ships and deep friendships and remembered days
Which even now set all my mind ablaze,
As that June day when, in the red bricks' chinks,
I saw the old Roman ruins white with pinks
And felt the hillside haunted even then
By not-dead memory of the Roman men;
And felt the hillside thronged by souls unseen
Who knew the interest in me and were keen
That man alive should understand man dead
So many centuries since the blood was shed,
So many ages since the Bell Brook's noise
Spoke to the dying Roman like a voice,
And quickened with strange hush because this comer
Sensed a strange soul alive behind the summer.

That other day on Ercall when the stones
Were sun-bleached white, like long unburied bones,
While the bees droned and all the air was sweet
From honey buried underneath my feet,
Honey of purple heather and white clover
Sealed in its gummy bags till summer's over.
Then other days by water, by bright sea,
Clear as clean grass, and my bright friend with me;
The cove clean-bottomed where we saw the brown,
Red-spotted plaice go swimming six feet down,
And saw the long fronds waving, white with shells,
Waving, unfolding, drooping, to the swells;
That sadder day when we beheld the great
And terrible beauty of a Lammas spate
Roaring white-mouthed in all the great cliff's gaps,
Headlong, tree-tumbling fury of collapse,
While drenching clouds drove by and every sense
Was water roaring or rushing or in offence

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And mountain sheep stood huddled and blown gaps gleamed
Where torn white hair of torrents shook and streamed;
That sadder day when we beheld again
A spate going down in sunshine after rain
When the blue reach of water leaping bright
Was one long ripple and clatter, flecked with white;
And that far day, that never blotted page
When youth was bright like flowers about old age,
Fair generations bringing thanks for life
To that old kindly man and trembling wife
After their sixty years. Time never made
A better beauty since the Earth was laid
Than that thanksgiving given to gray hair
For the great gift of life which brought them there.

Days of endeavor have been good: the days
Racing in cutters for the comrade's praise;
The day they led my cutter at the turn
Yet could not keep the lead and dropped astern,
The moment in the spurt when both boats' oars
Dipped in each other's wash and throats grew hoarse
And teeth ground into teeth and both strokes quickened
Lashing the sea, and gasps came, and hearts sickened
And coxswains damned us, dancing, banking stroke,
To put our weights on, though our hearts were broke,
And both boats seemed to stick and sea seemed glue,
The tide a millrace we were struggling through,
And every quick recover gave us squints
Of them still there, and oars tossed water-glints
And cheering came, our friends, our foemen cheering,
A long wild rallying murmur on the hearing,
"Port Fore!" and "Starboard Fore!" "Port Fore!"
"Port Fore!"
"Up with her, Starboard!" and at that each oar,
Lightened, though arms were bursting, and eyes shut,
And the oak stretchers grunted in the strut
And the curse quickened from the cox; our bows
Crashed, and drove talking water; we made vows—

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Chastity vows and temperance; in our pain
We numbered things we'd never eat again
If we could only win; then came the yell,
"Starboard!" "Port Fore!" and then a beaten bell
Rung as for fire to cheer us. "Now!" Oars bent,
Soul took the looms now body's bolt was spent.
"Damn it, come on now!" "On now!" "On now!"
"Starboard!"
"Port Fore!" "Up with her, Port!" Each cutter harbored
Ten eye-shut, pain-sick strugglers. "Heave, O heave!"
Cat-calls waked echoes like a shrieking sheave.
"Heave!" and I saw a back, then two. "Port Fore!"
"Starboard!" "Come on!" I saw the midship oar
And knew we'd done them. "Port Fore!" "Starboard!"
"Now!"
I saw bright water spurting at their bow,
Their cox full face an instant. They were done.
The watchers' cheering almost drowned the gun.
We had hardly strength to toss our oars; our cry
Cheering the losing cutter, was a sigh.

Other bright days of action have seemed great:
Wild days in a pampero off the Plate;
Good swimming days, at Hog Back or the Coves
Which the young gannet and the corbie loves;
Surf-swimming between rollers, catching breath
Between the advancing grave and breaking death,
Then shooting up into the sunbright smooth
To watch the advancing roller bare her tooth;
And days of labor also, loading, hauling;
Long days at winch or capstan, heaving, pawling;
The days with oxen, dragging stone from blasting,
And dusty days in mills, and hot days masting;
Trucking on dust-dry deckings smooth like ice;
And hunts in mighty wool-racks after mice;
Mornings with buckwheat when the fields did blanch
With White Leghorns come from the chicken ranch;
Days near the spring upon the sun-burnt hill,

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Plying the maul or gripping tight the drill:
Delights of work most real, delights that change
The headache life of towns to rapture strange
Not known by townsmen, nor imagined; health
That puts new glory upon mental wealth
And makes the poor man rich.

But that ends, too,
Health with its thoughts of life; and that bright view,
That sunny landscape from life's peak, that glory,
And all a glad man's comments on life's story,
And thoughts of marvellous towns and living men,
And what pens tell and all beyond the pen,
End, and are summed in words so truly dead
They raise no image of the heart and head.
The life, the man alive, the friend we knew,
The mind ours argued with or listened to,
None, but are dead, and all life's keenness, all,
Is dead as print before the funeral,
Even deader after, when the dates are sought
And cold minds disagree with what we thought.

This many-pictured world of many passions
Wears out the nations as a woman fashions,
And what life is is much to very few,
Men being so strange, so mad, and what men do
So good to watch or share; but when men count
Those hours of life that were a bursting fount,
Sparkling the dusty heart with living springs,
There seems a world, beyond our earthly things,
Gated by golden moments, each bright time
Opening to show the city white like lime,
High towered and many peopled. This made sure,
Work that obscures those moments seems impure,
A part of all this death that darks our land,
Withholding light from all we understand,
Making our not-returning time of breath
Dull with the ritual and records of death,

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That frost of fact by which our wisdom gives
Correctly stated death to all that lives.

Best trust the happy moments. What they gave
Makes man less fearful of the certain grave
And gives his work compassion and new eyes:
The days that make us happy make us wise.

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WHERE ARE WE GOING?

GERALD STANLEY LEE

I

ONE of the first things that strikes an American when he slips over from New York, and finds himself, almost before he had thought of it, walking down the Strand, suddenly, instead of Broadway, is the way things—thousands of things at once—begin happening to him.

Of course, with all the things that are happening to him—the 'buses, the taxis, the Wren steeples, the great streams of new sights in the streets, the things that happen to his eyes, and to his ears, to his feet and his hands, and to his body, lunging through the ground and swimming up in space on top of a 'bus through this huge, glorious, yellow mist of people . . . there are all the things besides that begin happening to his mind.

In New York, usually, he rushes along through the city in a kind of tunnel of his own thoughts, of his own affairs, and drives on to his point, and New York does not—at least it does not very often—make things happen to his mind. He is not in London five minutes before he begins to notice how London does his thinking for him. The streets of the city set him to thinking, mile after mile, miles of comparing, miles of expecting.

And above the streets that he walks through and drives through he finds in London another complete set of streets that interest him; the greater, silenter streets of England—the streets of people's thoughts. And he reads the great newspapers, those huge highways on which the English people are really going somewhere. . . . "Where are they going?" He goes through the editorials, he stumbles through the news: "Where are the English people going?"

* * *

An American thinks of the English people in the third person—at first, of course.

After three days or so he begins, half-unconsciously, slipping

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over every now and then into what seems to be a vague, loose first person plural.

Then the first person plural grows.

He finds at last that his thinking has settled down into a kind of happy, easy-going, international, editorial "WE." New York and London, Chicago and Sheffield go drifting together through his thoughts, and even Paris glimmering faintly over there, and a dim round world, and he asks, as the people of a world stream by: "Where are WE going?"

Thus it is that London, looming, teeming, world-suggesting, gets its grip upon a man—a fresh American, and stretches him—stretches him before his own eyes, makes him cosmopolitan—does his thinking for him.

* * *

There was a great sea to still his soul and lay down upon his spirit, that big, quiet roundness of the earth.

Nothing is quite the same after that wide strip of sea—sleeping out there alone night by night—the gentle round earth sloping away down from under one on both sides—in the midst of space. . . . Then, suddenly, almost before one knows—that quiet Space still lingering round one perhaps—one finds one's self thrust up out of the ground in the night into that big yellow roar of Trafalgar Square.

And here are the swift sudden crowds of people—one's own fellow-men hurrying past. One looks into the faces of the people hurrying past: "Where are *we* going?" One looks at the stars: "Where are *we* going?"

* * *

That night, when I was thrust up out of the ground and stood dazed in the Square, I was told in a minute that this London where I was was a besieged and conquered city. Some men had risen up in a day and said to London: "No one shall go in, no one shall go out!"

I was in the great proud city at last, the capital of the world, her big, new, self-assured inventions all about her, all around her—and soldiers camping out with her locomotives!

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With her long trains for endless belts of people going in and coming out, with her airbrakes, electric lights, and motor-cars and aerial mails, it seemed passing strange to be told that her great stations were all choked up with a queer, funny, old, gone-by, clanky piece of machinery—an invention for making people good—like soldiers!

And I stood in the middle of the roar of Trafalgar Square and asked—as all England was asking that night—"Where are we going?"

And I looked in the faces of the people hurrying past.

And nobody knew.

And the next day I went through the silenter streets of the city, the great crowded dailies where all the world troops through, and then the more quiet weeklies, and then the monthlies, more dignified and like private parks; and the quarterlies, too—thoughtful, high-minded, a little absent—now and then a footfall passing through.

And then I found them all full of the same strange questioning: "Where are we going?"

And nobody knew.

It was the same questioning one had just left, in New York, going up all about one, out of the skyscrapers.

New York did not know.

Now London did not know.

* * *

And after I had tried the journals and the magazines, I thought of books.

I could not but look about—how could I do otherwise than look about?—a lonely American walking at last past all these nobly haunted doorways and windows—for idealists or interpreters, the men who bring in the sea upon the streets and the mountains on the roof-tops; who still see the wide, still reaches of the souls of men beyond the faint and tiny roar of London.

I could not but look for men of imagination, for poets, for the men who build the dreams and shape the destinies of nations because they mould their thoughts.

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I do not like to say it. How shall an American dare to say it? . . . Here, where Shakespeare played mightily, and like a great boy, with a world, where Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Shelley, and even Dickens flooded the lives and refreshed the hearts of the people; here, in these self-same streets, going past these same old, gentle, smoky temples where Charles Lamb walked and loved a world, and laughed at a world, and even made one; lifted over his London forever into the hearts of men. . . . I can only say what I saw those first few fresh days—John Galsworthy out with his camera—his beautiful, sad, foggy camera; Arnold Bennett stitching and stitching faithfully, twenty-four hours a day, big, curious tapestries of little things; H. G. Wells, with his retorts, his experiments about him, his pots and kettles of humanity in a great stew of steam, half-hopeful, half-dismayed, mixing up his great, new, queer messes of human nature; and (when I could look up again) G. K. Chesterton, divinely swearing, chanting, gloriously contradicting, rolled lustily through the wide, sunny spaces of His Own Mind, and Bernard Shaw (all civilization trooping by), the eternal boy, on the eternal curbstone of the world, threw stones, and the Bishop of Birmingham preached a fine, helpless sermon. . . .

* * *

When a new American, coming from his own big, hurried, formless, speechless country, finds himself in what he had always supposed to be this trim, arranged, grown-up, articulate England, and when, thrust up out of the ground in Trafalgar Square, he finds himself looking at that vast yellow mist of people—that vast bewilderment of faces, of the poor, of the rich, coming and going they cannot say where, he naturally thinks at first it must be because they cannot speak, and when he looks to those who speak for them, to their writers or interpreters, and when he finds that they are bewildered; that they are asking the same question over and over that we in America are asking too, "Where are we going?"—he is brought abruptly up, front to front, with the great broadside of modern life. London, his last resort, is as bewildered as New York, and so, at last, here

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it is. It has to be faced now and here, as if it were some great scare-head or bill-board on the world: "WHERE ARE WE GOING?"

* * *

The most stupendous feat for the artist or man of imagination in modern times is to conceive a picture or vision for our society—our present machine-civilization—a common expectation for people which will make them want to live.

If Leonardo were living now he would probably slight for the time being his building bridges and skimp his work on Mona Lisa and write a book—an exultant book about common people. He would focus and express democracy as only the great and true aristocrat or genius or artist will ever do it. A great society must be expressed as a vision or expectation before men can see it together, and go to work on it together, and make it a fact. What makes a society great is that it is full of people who have something to live for and who know what it is. It is because nobody knows now that our present society is not great. The different kinds of people in it have not made up their minds what they are for, and some kinds have particularly failed to make up their minds what the other kinds are for.

We are all making our particular contribution to the common vision, and some of us are able to say in one way and some in another what this vision is, but it is going to take a supreme catholic, summing-up individualist, a great man or artist—a man who is all of us in one—to express for all of us, and for all of us together, where we want to go, what we think we are for, and what kind of a world we want.

This will have to be done first in a book. The modern world is collecting its thoughts. It is trying to write its bible.

II

The Literature of Desire

The first and most practical step in getting what one wants in this world is wanting it. One would think that the next

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step would be expressing what one wants. But it almost never is. It generally consists in wanting it still harder and still harder —until one can express it.

This is particularly true when the thing one wants is a new world. Here are all these other people who have to be asked. And until one wants it hard enough to say it—to get it outside one's self, possibly make it catching—nothing happens.

If one were to point out one trait rather than another that makes Bernard Shaw, for so brilliant a man, so ineffective as a leader or literary statesman, or social reformer, it would be his modesty. He has never wanted anything. Even if Mr. Shaw, without saying what he wanted, had ever shown in any corner of any book that one man's wanting something in this world amounted to anything, or could make anyone else want it, or could make any difference in him or in the world around him, he would at least have given us a little help on our bible.

Everywhere as I have looked about me among the bookmen in America, in England, I have found, not the things that they wanted in their books, but always these same deadly lists or bleak inventories—these prairies of things that they did not want.

Now, as a matter of fact, I knew already, with an almost despairing distinctness, nearly all these things I did not want, and it has not helped me (with all due courtesy and admiration) having John Galsworthy out photographing them day after day, so that I merely did not want them harder. And Mr. Wells' measles and children's diseases, too. I knew already that I did not want them. And Mr. Shaw's entire, heroic, almost noble collection of things he does not want, does not supply me —nor could it supply any other man—with furniture to make a world with—even if it were not this real, big world, with rain and sunshine and wind and people in it, and were only that little, wonderful world a man lives with in his own heart. There have been times, and there will be more of them, when I could not otherwise than speak as the champion of Bernard Shaw; but, after all, what single piece of furniture is there that George Bernard Shaw, living with his great attic of not-things all around him, is able to offer to furnish for me one single, little, warm,

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lighted room to keep my thoughts in? Nor has he furnished me with one thing with which I would care to sit down in my little room and think—looking into the cold, perfect hygienic ashes he has left upon my hearth. Even if I were a revolutionist, and not a mere, plain human being, loving life and wanting to live more abundantly, I am bound to say I do not see what there is in Mr. Galsworthy's photographs, or in Mr. Wells' rich, bottomless murk of humanity to make a revolution for. And Mr. Bernard Shaw, with all his bottles of disinfectants and shelves of sterilized truths, his hard well-being, and his glittering comforts, has presented the vision of a world in which at the very best—even if it all comes out as he says it will—a man would merely have things without wanting them, and without wanting anything.

* * *

And so it has seemed to me that, even if he is quite unimportant, any man to-day who, in some public place, like a book, shall paint the picture of his heart's desire, who shall throw up as upon a screen, where all men may see them, his most immediate and most pressing ideals, would perform an important service. If a man's sole interest were to find out what all men in the world want, the best way to do it would be for him to say quite definitely—so that we could all compare notes—what he wanted himself. Speaking for a planet has gone by, but, possibly, if a few of us but speak for ourselves the planet will talk back, and we shall find out at last what it really is that it wants.

The thing that many of us want most in the present grayness and din of the world is some one to play with, or, if the word play is not quite the right word, some one with whom we can work with freedom and self-expressiveness and joy. Nine men out of ten one meets to-day talk with one as it were with their watches in their hands. The people who are rich one sees everywhere being run away with by their motor-cars, and the people who are poor one sees struggling pitifully and for their very souls under great wheels and beneath machines.

Of course, I can only speak for myself. I do not deny that a little while at a time I can sit by a brook in the woods and be

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happy; but if, as it happens, I would rather have other people about me—people who do not spoil things—I find that the machines about me everywhere have made most people very strange and pathetic in the woods. They cannot sit by brooks, many of them, and when they come out to the sky it looks to them like some mere big, blue lead roof up over their lives. Perhaps I am selfish about it, but I cannot bear to see people looking at the sky in this way. . . .

* * *

So as I have watched my fellow human beings, what I have come to want most of all in this world is the inspired employer —or what I have called the inspired millionaire or organizer— the man who can take the machines off the backs of the people and take the machines out of their wits and make the machines free their bodies and serve their souls.

If we ever have the inspired employer he will have to be made by the social imagination of the people, by creating the spirit of expectation and challenge toward the rich in society at large.

This is why some of us have taken our stand for good trusts and for inspired millionaires. We cannot say that we have met precisely the type of inspired millionaire we have in mind, but we have known scores of men who have reminded us of him and of what he is going to be, and we are prepared to say that in spirit, or latent at least, he is all about us in the world to-day. If it is proved to us that no such man exists, we are here to say there will be one. If it is proved to us that there cannot be one, we will make one. If it is proved to us that by lifting up Desire in the faces of young men and of boys, and in the faces of true fathers and young mothers, and by ringing up our challenge on the great doors of the schools, we cannot make one, then we will invoke the men that shall write the books that shall sing the songs that shall make one! We say this with all reverence for other men's desires and with all respect for natural prejudgments. As we have conceived it, the one business of the world to-day is to find out what we are for and to find out what men in the world—on the whole—really want. When men

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know what they want they get it. Every wrong thing we have to face in modern industrial life is due to men who know what they want, and who therefore get it—due to the passions and the dreams of men—and the one single way in which these wrong things will ever be overcome is with more passions and with more and mightier dreams of men.

Nothing is more visionary than trying to run a world without dreams—especially an economic world. It is because even bad dreams are better in this world than having no dreams at all that bad people so called are so largely allowed to run it.

In the final and practical sense, the one factor in economics to be reckoned with is Desire.

The next move in economics is going to be the statement of a shrewd, dogged, realizable ideal. It is only ideals that have aroused the wrong passions, and it is only ideals that will arouse the right ones.

It will have to be, I imagine, when it comes, not a mere statement of principles, an analysis, or a criticism, but a moving-picture, a portrait of the human race that shall reveal man's heart to himself. What we want is a vast white canvas spread, as it were, over the end of the world, before which we shall all sit together, the audience of the nations, of the poor, of the rich, as in some still, thoughtful place—all of us together; and then we will throw up before us on the vast white screen in the dark the vivid picture of our vast desires, flame up upon it the hopes, the passions of human lives, and the grim, silent wills of men. "What do we want?" "Where are we going?"

In place of the literature of criticism we have come now to the literature of Desire.

This literature will come slowly, and I have learnt to believe that the first book, when it comes, will be perhaps a book that does not prove anything, a book that is a mere cry, a prayer, or challenge, the story of what one man, with these streetfuls of the faces of men and the faces of women pouring their dulness and pouring their weariness over him, has desired, and of what, God helping him, he will have.

There is a certain sense in which merely praying to God has gone by. In the present desperate crisis of a world plunging on

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in the dark to a catastrophe or a glory that we cannot guess, it is a time for men to pray a prayer—a standing-up prayer—to one another.

I believe that it is going to be this huge gathering-in of public desire, this imperious challenge of what men want, this standing-up prayer of men to one another, which alone shall make men go forth with faith and singing once more into the battle of life. Sometimes it has seemed to me I have already heard it—this song of men's desires about me—faintly. But I have seen that the time is at hand when it shall come as a vast chorus of cities, of fields, of men's voices, filling the dome of the world—a chorus in the glory and the shame of which no millionaire who merely wants to make money, no artist who is not expressing the souls and freeing the bodies of men, no statesman who is not gathering up the desires of crowds, and going daily through the world hewing out the will of the people, shall dare to live.

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THE PRIDE OF HIS CALLING

DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

LAWSON pulled down the covers from his chin as his brother's alarm-clock whirred shrilly in the next room. He lay for a moment on his back in that strange mental blankness which precedes full consciousness, trying to set himself and the other elements of the universe in place. An instant he stared at the grimy ceiling, incapable of reasoning as the plaster above him; then his mind snapped into place and he was awake—he, John Lawson, street sweeper number 32, with half an hour in which to get such breakfast as his sister-in-law might cook, shoulder his broom and shovel and make his way to his corner. By the time the alarm-clock had ceased its steady rattle and had fallen into little weak-toned spurts of ringing, John had swung his legs over the edge of the bed and was pulling on his heavy woollen socks, using his good right hand deftly, and doing surprisingly well with the steel hook which stuck gruesomely from the sleeve of his nightshirt where his left hand should have been.

It was a good thing, he reflected as he dressed himself, that his brother owned an alarm-clock. Otherwise he would surely oversleep many times, for sweeping asphalt pavement for ten or twelve hours at a stretch was hard work, and the dirty bed felt good when he reached it at night. Yes, it was well that Dirk had an alarm-clock, for if he should oversleep many times he would lose his place—and there were not many places open to men with only one hand. Once it had come to him through the man at the second crossing down from his that there was to be a new street commissioner and a wholesale dismissal of men, and he had trembled. The dismissals had come, but because John did not drink, and there was something pitiful about the skilful way he handled the steel hook, he had not lost his place. He did not dare lose the place. His brother would never keep him if he could not pay the four dollars a week which board and room cost him—and the thought of the poorhouse made

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the sweat spring out all over his body. So it all seemed to centre back, in time, to the alarm-clock, and John felt kindly toward it and did not resent its spiteful ringing.

From outside the door sounded a woman's voice, raised high above the clattering of dishes:

"It's snowin' like time, Dirk. You'll want them heavy socks I darned for ye!"

Snowing! John thought of his corner as he buckled on the heavy felt boots. The snow meant hard work, endless work—the steady swinging of his long-handled broom hour after hour. Just dirt there was some coping with; in the course of time the broom did make some impression and he could keep ahead of the mud strewn over his strip of pavement by the passing wheels. But snow was different! There was no letting up about that; it came sifting down endlessly, and by the time he had worked once across his corner the pavement was white again behind him. Perhaps it would be a regular blizzard! He would not have to work then, it would have to wait for the wagons and the shovellers, for the brooms of the sweepers were powerless against a real downfall.

He finished dressing and stumbled drowsily out into the other room. His brother was already seated at the oilcloth-covered table, eating noisily, while his wife in an unbelievably dirty wrapper was filling two dinner-pails and talking incessantly.

"Every year," she complained, "it snows earlier! Soon's we get through mowin' grass it's rake leaves, an' we ain't more'n finished that 'fore the walk's got to be shovelled! An' every time it changes it makes you men-folks eat more. I declare, it's hard on a woman!"

Dirk continued to gobble his food without looking up, but John paused with the spoon full of lumpy oatmeal and looked through the window at the filtering white flakes.

"I dunno," he objected mildly with his customary diffidence, "I sort o' like it. It's different."

The woman turned on him sharply, a piece of spongy pie held tightly in each hand.

"I'd like t' know," she demanded, "what diff'rence it makes

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to you! All you do's stand still in one place an' sweep! You ain't much different 'n a horse-block far's I can see. What d'you care what the weather's like?"

John stirred the muddy coffee slowly and sought for an answer. Somewhere, too deep within him to be reached by speech, a dim sort of resentment moved. He felt that there was something he ought to say in defence of his position, and yet he could not think of it. He never could find the words to answer Dirk's wife!

"Well," he ventured, "it's nice to have the corner all white once in a while, with little white spots all over the big policeman—Callahan, you know. And the teams and autos look so big and funny comin' through it! 'Course, it's hard work, but it ain't bad—ain't half as bad's a hard rain."

"Humph!" grunted the woman. For a moment she busied herself about the reeking vessels on the stove, then she spoke over her shoulder: "I s'pose you have to do something an' it's a blessing you can do what you do, but I never could stand it workin' day after day right in one spot—an' that spot the dirtiest I could find!"

Again the dim feeling of resentment sent the words almost to John's lips, but left him speechless. He felt that there was so much he could tell about the corner. Yet, after all, she was probably right; other people usually were right about him. The two men finished their meal in silence, got into their overcoats and took their dinner-pails from the woman. They walked to the street with her voice dinning advice and complaint into Dirk's ears; of John's going she took no notice. Her husband bowed his head and turned toward the factory, while John went in the other direction toward the city. They parted without speech, although John half turned toward his brother's bowed head and humped shoulders.

He kept thinking of the woman's speech as he walked through the unshovelled snow. He never had thought much about it before, but it was always the same there at the corner. His mental processes were not involved; he had never even thought at all of his own position. Every day was simply a thing inevitable which had to be gone through in order that he

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might have the reward of night and the warmth and quiet of his own bed at the end of it. When he got up each morning he felt kindly toward the room, because in just a few hours he could come back to it again and stay there until morning. But Dirk's wife was right; every day was a good deal like every other day. Nothing much happened; the weather changed—that was about all. Sometimes Callahan, the big policeman, was talkative; sometimes a few pedestrians talked to him, and the drivers of the big trucks were moved to keep silent instead of swearing at him for not getting out of the way quick enough. But that was all; the day would either be just a little better or just a little worse than the one which had gone before. The only thing which was absolutely certain was that there would be no great difference. Occasionally the fire engines passed, or a horse fell down. These were events, yet not satisfactory. He was afraid of the engines, with a cripple's fear of any physical danger. And with only one arm he could not help Callahan to get the horses to their feet. He had tried once and failed, and Callahan had only sworn at him for his awkwardness. Afterwards the policeman had been ashamed, for he had brought John three large cigars wrapped in tinfoil the next morning, and had talked a great deal to him through the day about his two-year-old boy. But for all these pleasant consequences, John dreaded to have the horses fall at the corner. He always felt that as Callahan helped them up the big policeman kept thinking how much better it would be if the street-sweeper had two hands to assist him with.

At the corner beyond Dirk's house, John boarded a street-car. He only had to show his brass badge to the conductor to ride. That at least was one advantage that he had over Dirk. He sat down in a corner seat and commenced thinking about Dirk. His brother worked in a big, noisy factory with many men. At times he would tell John and his wife what he and the men had talked of during the day, and what they were planning to celebrate at Berger's Place around the corner some night. John did not go to Berger's Place. He did not feel the loss of his arm at work half so much as in the presence of the workmen sitting at the tables and standing at the bar drinking their beer.

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They all looked at him curiously, and it made him uncomfortable. And, anyway, he could not afford it. He was saving his money little by little for a beautiful artificial arm which he had seen advertised in a many-colored circular.

It was a marvellous thing, this arm. According to the circular it was almost as good as a real arm. You could do anything with it—even the fingers moved, and it did not hurt in the least. And there were days in which his steel hook with its straps and braces hurt cruelly and he could hardly use his broom and scraper. And the arm only cost one hundred and thirty dollars! Already he had saved sixty-five. It would be harder to save now, because he had to help pay for the coal and wood; but another year and he could get it! Then, perhaps, he could work as other men did, after he had learned how to use it.

He got off the car and walked toward his corner. The snow had made it very slippery and treacherous under foot. He had no trouble himself with his heavy felt and rubber boots, but he knew that when the people commenced to move about the streets there would be trouble. It meant trouble and hard work for him, too, for the horses would not be shod, and they would be almost helpless. He must work his hardest this day. He went to the little shed built against the telegraph post at his corner and got out his tools. In the half light of early morning, Callahan's bulk loomed dimly, coated with the wet snow. John spoke to him, but Callahan only grunted in reply and did not turn his head. The sweeper's spirits fell at this; the day was always harder when something had gone wrong and the officer did not want to talk. Yes, Dirk's wife was right; the days were hard, and they were all alike.

He went heavily to work. As he had feared, the snow was sticky and clung to the bricks. Resolutely he worked his way across from east to west with the heavy scraper. When he reached the far crossing he turned and looked back. Already there was a thin layer of snow on the surface he had scraped. He sighed and repeated the trip from north to south, did the whole thing again, and then went for his broom. The snow clung tenaciously in the cracks between the bricks and it took minutes to cover a space which he could usually finish in one

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stroke of the broom. Unconsciously he planned his campaign against the snow with a craft which would have surprised anyone who had taken the time to watch him—would have surprised him, had he really known that he was doing it. He knew exactly how long it would take him to cover the surface with the scraper, how long with the broom. He estimated the time that it would take to fill up again with snow, if it snowed no harder, and just how much ahead or behind he could keep. He made allowance for the traffic dodging that would come later, and decided that he could just keep ahead of the snow. All this he did while changing from one tool to the other. Then he went to work.

It was a battle. The one-armed man was pitted against the storm, which gave no quarter. There was nothing gained if the man won; he might lose his place if he failed. But this element of the situation did not appeal to John. He only realized that it was unusually hard work, and that if he did not do his best there would be complaints, and probably that vague personality called the Superintendent would discharge him. Further than this he steadily refused to let his mind go. Then the steel hook began to hurt his arm. This rather terrified him, for he knew that he would need all his strength for the work. Twinges of pain shot from his wrist to his shoulder and across his back, to tie themselves into a little, excruciatingly painful knot under his shoulder-blade. If this continued, he could not keep ahead of the snow—and this was just the sort of a day on which the Superintendent would be watching the corner-men!

After a time Callahan relented—or perhaps he had some clandestine traffic with the saloon-keeper around the corner. John realized that the officer was regarding his efforts with less of a frown, and looked up hopefully.

"It's one job ye've got this dhay!" averred Callahan with a grin.

"It sticks to the bricks," admitted John.

"Shure an' they moight give ye another monn," complained the officer. "'Tis more thin wan monn can do!"

After this he twirled his club and went round the corner toward the saloon. In the few seconds John had taken for

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speech the snow had gained. He was forced to work harder for some minutes, and the added exertions sent the shafts of pain shooting up and down his arm until queer points of light danced before his eyes. But he worked steadily, and when Callahan appeared again he had caught up; man and storm were on even terms again. The snow continued to fall with steady persistence, neither harder nor with any indication of decrease. A few pedestrians slid by on the sidewalks, and the streets became dotted with shambling, sprawling horses. The cold commenced to bite into John's right hand, and forced him to pull down the flaps of his rough cap. It even cut through the felt of his boots and kept him stamping his feet. But he worked persistently, patiently through the same process; left, right, forward, back—now scraper, now broom, and he kept the level of the snow stationary. He even began to gain along about eight o'clock, and there was a lighter tinge to the sky as though the snowfall might cease.

With the slight lightening of his work, he had more time to think. He rather wished that Dirk's wife had not spoken. He had never felt the dull, unending pressure of the corner as he did this morning. Usually he looked forward to noon and his lunch near the Italian's fruit-stand down the street. To-day he must bolt it as he could in the bits of time he could seize. And to-morrow would be like it, probably. If a real blizzard came he could rest; but this steady, light persistence meant more of the toil that was making his arm jump wildly.

Callahan's voice boomed at him suddenly out of the snow.

"There ye are yit," said Callahan; "swape, swape, swape, an' niver a second's rist! Why don't ye stop wance?"

John shook his head.

"She piles up too much on me," he answered with a sweeping gesture at the snow.

Callahan grunted.

"Let her thin!" he advised. "It's mesilf who'd be shirkin' if 'twas your pay an' your worruk Oi was doin'!"

This fitted perfectly with that incessant train of thought which had started in John's mind at the breakfast table. Maybe Callahan would understand.

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"I've got to do it," explained John. He held out the steel hook, not with any intention of making an appeal, but simply as an explanation. "I ain't man enough for a good job."

Callahan scratched his red chin thoughtfully and was silent. John looked at him expectantly an instant and then turned to his work. He had to be careful now and do most of the work with his right arm because of the burning, stinging pain in his left. He did not look up at the drivers or pay any attention to the patient horses which plodded past him. He noticed that they did not fall on any part of his corner, and that the drivers did not swear at him for being in the way. One or two of them even spoke to him pleasantly. On other days this would have meant something; but to-day was too massively oppressive to leave any place for such little bits of cheer. He could only work and listen for the big clock across the square chiming off the quarters. There were still seven hours between him and the bed which was his only reward. He found Callahan waiting for him again a few moments later on the other side of the street.

"Oi hav it!" the big policeman announced triumphantly. "It's some sort of a watchmon we'll make of ye, loike the bhoys that watches the steam-gauges an' that sort o' thing! Ye can set in a warrum place with yer feet on anither chair an' take yer aise."

"Will I get as much pay?" demanded John.

"Pay!" snorted Callahan explosively; then he reconsidered. "Ye will not," he admitted, "but ye'll live longer."

John rested longer for lunch than had been his intention. He went inside the Italian's little stall and warmed himself at the peanut-roaster. The warmth refreshed him and eased the pain in his arm. He thought of the snow piling up at his corner—but he thought, too, of Callahan's idea. It would be less pay; it would take him longer to get the money for the precious arm; but he could keep warm, and dry, and there would be other people working around him, and not merely Callahan, who did not always have anything to say. He wondered how Dirk and his wife would take the idea. Probably they would not think well of it; it meant he would not earn so much money. Dirk would think nothing, but his wife— He thought again of the snow

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on the corner, and the thought drove him out into the storm. His Italian friend stood in the doorway with his fat, dirty hands outspread consolingly.

"Verra cold," he said compassionately, thinking of the bag of hot chestnuts he had slipped into John's pocket. "Come back somatime an' warm-a yourself!"

The afternoon wore itself into a thing rather than a day. No longer did John think of Dirk's wife, Callahan's plan, the arm, or even of the Superintendent. He went doggedly through the motions of his work, across and back, across and back, scrape, sweep, scrape, sweep, endlessly, and the snow did not gain. Dimly he saw the people on the sidewalks, heard them speak. Instinctively he got out of the way of passing wagons. He heard the drivers call to him, but he did not raise his head to answer.

Then about three in the afternoon he saw the man watching him. He could not tell how long he had been there, standing in the shelter of the mail box in front of the drug store, a fur cap on his head, the collar of a big overcoat turned about his ears, and the smoke from a long, black cigar mingling with the steam of his breath. At first John paid him no more attention than he did the other shadowy, snow-sprinkled creatures of the sidewalk. Then once he looked up and saw the man watching him. When he looked again, the man was still there—watching. It went on for ten minutes, and now the man was writing in a little book. In spite of the cold, the sweat broke out all over John's body. This was a man spying for the Superintendent! Now he must work if it tore his bad arm from its socket and cracked every bone in his body. The snow had been gaining on him since two o'clock; he knew it. He was tired, he could no longer work as he had in the morning. Cautiously he glanced at the man behind the mail box; he was there! First he would look at John, fixedly, intently, his head cocked a trifle on one side; then he would appear to write swiftly in the little book. In the excess of his terror it did not strike him as extraordinary that a man should take so much pains in finding out whether a street-sweeper was doing his work or not. He only knew that he was being watched, and that to lose his job was death. He worked frantically, and the pains which had shot through his arm in the

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morning were as nothing to those which racked him now. For perhaps fifteen minutes this went on, then he saw the man behind the mail box put the book in one pocket, the pencil in another, stick his hands deep into the pockets of the big coat and come toward him. John doubled himself over the broom as the man reached him.

"Just a minute," said the man.

John straightened and faced his questioner. The man did not look harsh—not even unkind; but John's heart was heavy.

"How long have you worked here?" demanded the man in the fur cap.

"Six years," answered John.

"Name?"

"John Lawson."

"Always been a—er—cripple?"

"No, sir, I lost my arm eight years ago."

The man in the fur cap said something under his breath, then went on with his questions.

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"How do you like this work?"

John hesitated. He ought, he supposed, to say that he liked it very much, yet somehow the words would not come. He knew he would lose the place, and yet he felt that he could not say he liked it. The tyranny of the corner had weighed on him too heavily that day.

"Why, sir," he said apologetically, "there are things that'd be a lot worse. I dunno's I can complain. But days like to-day it *is* pretty hard!"

The other hardly seemed to be listening.

"How old are you?" he demanded abruptly.

"Forty-three," answered John.

"Expect to do this right along—always?"

"Why," explained John, "I had thought some of getting an inside job, but I'll keep this as long as I can have it. I try to do my work as well as I can. You see to-day my arm bothers me some, and the snow *will* get a bit ahead. I'll be all right to-morrow, though!"

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Almost before John knew it, the stranger had turned and was gone. The rest of the day passed in a sort of blur. Callahan went off the beat at four o'clock, bawling something at him through the snow about seeing his cousin. After that there was no one to talk to. He was hardly conscious of anything but the pain in his arm and the chiming of the big clock. When it struck five he went to the little coop at the telegraph posts and put away his tools mechanically. He was hardly conscious of boarding the car, of the ride, or of walking from the car to Dirk's house. He slumped down in a chair in front of the dining-table, letting his head sink between his hands. He heard the voice of Mollie, Dirk's wife, coming to him as though from a great distance, and looked up to find her standing at his side.

"I suppose you think I ain't got nothin' to do but clean up after them filthy boots of yourn!" she yelled at him. "Think I like to work all day an' then scrape that stuff off the floors! Get up this minute an' put them things in the back room!"

Automatically John followed her command. He could hardly unclasp the fastenings of the heavy rubber overshoes, and all the time that he labored with them he could hear Mollie's voice still raised in complaint. He came back into the room and sat down again in the same position. The woman looked at him.

"Look a-here," she said suddenly, "are you sick?"

It was hardly an inquiry. There was no compassion in the tone. It implied that if John was sick he would have to pay for it. He felt this, but it didn't matter. Probably it would be the easiest thing to die and be done with everything.

"Yes," he answered thickly, "I guess that's just it. I'm sick."

He did not hear the details of her indignant protests, and only the general drift of her shrill-voiced tirade against him. He knew that Dirk came into the room and was sitting in front of the stove in his stocking-feet, smoking while Mollie got supper. With a great effort he raised his head from his hands.

"Dirk," he began, "I guess I lost my job. There was a feller——"

Before he had time to continue or Dirk to answer the woman cut in.

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"Well!" she fairly screamed, her red hands on her hips. "Well! Do you think you can stay here doin' nothin', eatin' us out o' house an' home, sick into the bargain? Look here, Dirk Lawson, I've put up with a good deal, but this is the end. If he can't earn his board—out he goes! You talk to him! I've said my last word!"—and she slammed a pot defiantly onto the stove.

"Oh, hell, Mollie," Dirk urged, "it's no fun for him. Let up a minute, can't ye?"

Vaguely, John knew that he ate a meal which he did not taste at all, but which felt warm within him. He knew that Dirk made a few heavy, clumsy, utterly unusual attempts to be cheerful, and that Mollie glanced at him balefully from the other side of the table. He got into bed somehow, and sleep seized him at once. He knew nothing more until he felt Mollie shaking him.

"Now you get up!" she commanded.

He stared at her dumbly.

"Dirk's gone," she explained tersely. "It's eight o'clock. Now you get up and go to work. Dirk wouldn't wake ye, but I will! I'll have no full-grown man loafing around my house! You'll get that job you had or you'll find another!"

Still muttering she gave him his breakfast and handed him his dinner-pail. He went blindly out of the house and into the street. Eight o'clock! And he should have been at work by half-past five! Now the thing was done; if the man with the notebook had not reported him, this would lose him his job, anyway. Well, he would go and try to get them to take him back. He realized suddenly that his arm did not hurt—that the lethargy of the day and night before was passing in the cold, crisp air. He looked about him with eyes that really saw for the first time. The snow lay in drifts three feet deep on the level; the blizzard had come! His lateness would not be noticed, for the shovellers and wagons would be at work now. But he must go to the corner; there might be something . . .

Callahan was chaffing the busy shovellers when he arrived, but the instant he caught sight of John he wheeled with a bright smile.

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"The top av the mornin'!" he called. "An' how's me hayro now?"

John smiled faintly in reply.

"Me bye, me bye," Callahan rattled on; "all these years Oi've been on the force, an' niver once did Oi get what we hav this very mornin'. 'Tis a strange wurruld—but, me lahd, it's not Callahan who's sayin' ye don't desarve it."

"What?" asked John dumbly.

"Faith, hear him wance!" laughed the Irishman; "he's not read the paapers. Monn, ye should do it. 'Tis yer dooty!"

He paused and handed a fluttering sheet to John.

"Nixt, I suppose," he added, "ye'll be sayin' ye did not see that rayporter a-watchin' ye yesterday? Ah, well, 'tis just that he said of ye. Nawthin' but yer wurruk! 'Tis a grreat bye he makes ye out!"

John looked at the paper and his eyes bulged. There in the corner of the page was himself. He could not fail to recognize it; there were the buildings, his own scraper and broom, the steel hook! He could not understand. Then he commenced to read. He did not understand all of that, but he caught enough. The reporter had seen the fight raging all through the day between the man and the storm, and he had seen the unconscious craft with which the man had met it. He had gone into details and theories as a man will when he is doing "feature stuff" on space rates, and the result was that he had done a very pretty bit of work, and made John Lawson a pathetically heroic figure which the city would not forget.

"Well?" demanded Callahan's voice; "will ye lave off listenin' to the talk o' yerself long enough to hear me? I've a new job for ye—an aisy-chair job that was built for ye.——"

"I don't want any new job!" shouted John with more spirit than he had ever shown in his forty-three years. "Didn't I have the best corner in the city yesterday? Didn't I beat a storm with one hand and a steel hook? This is the work for me! I know this business—an' it takes a man that knows. There can't every man sweep street-corners!"

Callahan stared a moment and then grinned.

"Go it!" he chuckled approvingly. "That's the bye, an' it's proud Mike Callahan is to be on the same beat with ye!"

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THE GOLDEN FLEECE

PAUL S. RICHARDS

[*A Wyoming Sheep-Man*]

FOR their food and clothing the people of this country depend upon the sheep-raisers of the West to a much greater degree than most of them suppose. Yet these masters of the flocks have lately been suspected of being in conspiracy with the trusts to boost the high cost of mutton and clothing. "Schedule K" is regarded as a hydra-headed monster to be slain as St. George killed the dragon. Sheep-men have been criticised as "nomads" with no abiding interest in the general welfare of the country.

So much of the current speculation about this industry is mere wild guesswork, that a plain, unvarnished, statement of facts is called for. Less theory, and more truth presented from a practical standpoint, is needed.

The writer is a sheep-man. There are wool-growers in the East. But sheep-men are to be found only west of the Missouri. Their flocks, fed on the grass of great unoccupied ranges, furnish most of the wool and mutton produced in the United States. They have endured the hardships of the wilderness and, in former years, have been rewarded with a fair prosperity. That prosperity is now seriously imperilled.

The Governor of Wyoming is quoted as saying recently that "the sheep-men of the West are in favor of a reduction in the tariff on wool, provided it is moderate and has some guarantee of permanence." He is not a very good witness as to the state of opinion among the men for whom he claimed to speak. Not one of them favors any action which will cripple or destroy the greatest industry of the State which produces more wool and mutton than any other State. Probably no one really desires this. But that the peril is imminent may be seen from the following facts.

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Ten Years Ago

When I first set foot in Douglas, Wyoming, ten years ago, I found myself in a community of sheep-men. Not only were there sheep-men, pure and simple, who were nothing else; but all the saloon-keepers were interested in sheep, so also were the hotel proprietor and the leading lawyer and doctor, and all the officials of the First National Bank, and the newspaper man, of *Sagebrush Philosophy* fame, and the men in the Land Office, and the taxidermist, and all the merchants but one; even two of the preachers had retired as pastors and become shepherds. It was a sheep town, sure enough. They worshipped not the golden calf, but the golden fleece.

It was a prosperous community. There were no millionaires, but there were several men whose fortunes ran into six figures. And most of those interested in sheep were "off to the good." Sheep had gone steadily up since the disastrous years of Cleveland's administration and the panic of '93. Those who had not gone into the business in time to realize a profit on this rise in values had the blessed assurance that all they had to do was to "hang and rattle" to make thirty per cent. on the investment, and in the fulness of time get rich. Men with a few hundred dollars and a knowledge of the business were frequently staked to a band of sheep. They "rustled the range" and did the work and got half the wool and half the increase. It was like drawing a prize in a lottery for these men to get a band on shares. It meant the chance to clean up thousands in a few years. The citizens pointed with pride to a dozen men who a few years before had been herding sheep at $30 a month, who were now worth from $5,000 to $20,000 or more. All a poor optimist had to do to become rich was to get a band of sheep on shares. Such a man was freely furnished with credit by the bank and the stores till he could realize on his wool and lamb crop.

The atmosphere of the country was charged with the feeling of hope and prosperity. The entire community from clerks and herders to the Bank president and the preachers was either

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in the business or trying to get in. And every good man had a show.

And back of it all, behind all this bounding optimism of assured success, lay the Open Range, millions of acres of Government land that rolled away like a great sea of hill and plain and billowy foot-hills to the Canadian border and the Mexican line. It was sparsely covered with cactus and sage-brush and buffalo grass. It had appeared on the maps as the "Great American Desert." But it was free.

Free Grass

Free grass was the commercial life-blood of the arid region. There was not much of it to the acre. But, in the aggregate, it spelt success and prosperity for every man who could raise the money to buy a band of sheep, or a herd of cattle, and knew the business.

Now when anything of value is free it does not take long for the demand to exceed the supply. It was so with the free homesteads of Iowa and Nebraska and Kansas; and it is so to-day with the free grass of Wyoming and Montana and Colorado. If you will go down to the Stockyards in Chicago, and ask the first western stock-man you meet whether the open range exists to-day, the chances are that he will say "no." He will tell you that the range is taken up. There are still millions of acres of Government land. But the creeks and streams and springs that furnish watering places for stock have been filed upon and have passed into the hands of private owners. In a dry country that means to a certain extent range control; I say to a certain extent, because the stock-man who buys a watering place never knows when some one else may "scrip a forty" a little way off and sink a well or put in a dike. This has been done to a very limited extent in the past. But with the disappearance of the opportunity to file upon land with stock waters on it, there has been a constant increase of the watering places made by dikes and wells. It is possible that the range in its natural state did not furnish water for enough stock to consume all the grass that grew upon it.

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But with the increase of watering places made by men, anxious to get their share of free grass, there has gradually developed a congested condition of the range. There are too many sheep and cattle and horses for the amount of grass that grows upon it.

The Range Overstocked

With the approach of winter there are two well-marked movements of traffic in the stock country. One is the shipment of cattle and sheep to eastern points to be wintered on hay. The other is the shipment of corn and hay into the western country to be fed upon the range. These traffic movements have greatly increased within the last two years and nothing could more clearly indicate that the time had arrived when the demand for free grass exceeded the supply, and the range was overstocked. It has been exploited to the last limit of its possibilities. If the last spear of grass and leaf of sage-brush is not eaten in the spring when green grass starts again, there is so little left that even the prairie dogs have a lean and hungry look. Nothing but eternal vigilance and the most complete knowledge and careful handling of their business can prevent financial disaster to stock-men under such conditions. The careless and incompetent are fast being weeded out and the wisest and most diligent are fighting, not for profits, but for existence. The largest sheep owner in Douglas, a man whose receipts from wool alone three years ago amounted to $100,000, told me that his northern outfit would feed this winter one dollar's worth of corn to the head. He said that there was no grass left in that country upon which to winter sheep, and that they would have to winter on corn and sagebrush. This has been a very dry season, particularly in the locality in which these sheep are ranged. But there has been enough rain to make a grass crop in pastures from which stock has been excluded. The truth of the matter is that in a dry season the range will not support the stock now on it. Either hay and grain must be shipped in from the East, or the stock must be shipped to eastern feeding points to be wintered.

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A Sick Industry

The sheep business to-day is sick.

It has been ravaged by one misfortune after another for the past three years. The list of them spreads out into a tale of woe that needs but the hand of a poet to be cast on the lines of the Book of Job or an old Greek tragedy. If the Lord had looked upon our iniquities and said in His wrath, "They are an evil race, let them be no more," we might understand the series of disasters whose sum-total mounts to such epic proportions. The list of them reads like the plagues of Egypt. For they are seven. Here they are, in more or less chronological order: dry farmers; foot and mouth disease; the winter of 1910; drouth the summer following; drouth again in 1911; low prices for wool and lambs; and last of all, the great American bug-bear that has been made of "Schedule K," and the fear of death at the hands of the tariff doctors.

Of course, this list is only partial. It does not include such incidental misfortunes as sporadic attacks of scabies, or the loss of probably over a million dollars' worth of sheep and lambs from wolves and coyotes in the State of Wyoming alone, as a result of the refusal of the Governor of Wyoming to sign the Bill making the customary appropriation of $60,000 for a bounty on "varmints." Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad!

However, let us not be diverted from our epic by the recital of minor afflictions. Let us consider the case of the dry farmers.

For the benefit of the benighted portion of the public living east of the Missouri, I would say that a dry farmer is one who attempts agriculture without irrigation in the region of insufficient rainfall. There has never been a more pathetic instance of the unrequited land hunger of the poor than the invasion of the arid region by the dry farmers. The description of the Homestead law, as applied to the land still open to entry, as a bet between the Government and the homesteader, the Government betting 160 acres of land against $14 that the home-

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steader would starve to death before he made final proof upon his claim, accurately summarizes the situation.

The Dry Farmers

From 1904 to 1909 we had a series of wet years. The spring and summer rainfall in the arid region was heavy and unusual. We were told that the rain-belt was moving westward at the rate of twenty miles a year. Land in western Nebraska, Kansas and the Dakotas that had been used for range purposes only a few years before rose in value from $2.50 to $25 an acre. The tide of immigration that so quickly filled up these vacant lands swept on up the Continental Divide a thousand feet higher to the great plateaus of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, and even across the Rockies into Utah and the arid region of Washington and Oregon, east of the Cascades. These Commonwealths greeted "with outstretched hands and eager smile" (see Year-Books) the hardy and guileless renters of Iowa land worth $150 an acre, as they journeyed from their Egyptian bondage into the promised land of altitude and sunshine. It was an invasion. The cattle upon a thousand hills fell back before the steady progress of the barbed-wire fence, and the grazing grounds of millions of sheep were dotted with farmhouses and windmills. And the rain descended and the floods fell, and the grass grew, and the stock-men flourished, and the dry farmers challenged the Rocky Mountains to do their worst. There was grass enough for everyone. Sheep were high, and cattle were going up, and more were imported. The farmers wrote to their cousins and maiden aunts and told them to come out and take up 160 acres of beautiful sandy loam and get rich; and they came. Real estate sharks grew fat and multiplied. They guided the horny-handed agriculturists to choice sites for homesteads for $100 to $200 a location. Pirates of finance organized Colonization Companies and bought up railroad land at $5 to sell at $10 and $12 an acre.

Meanwhile the Rocky Mountains looked down with grim irony upon the false prophets who said the rain-belt followed

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the plow. The surging mass of humanity that swept up on the tide of hope to spread itself over the great plateaus that lined its base might have a few wet years, but they couldn't dispute the immutable decree of fate. Pressure of population cannot make crops at an altitude of 5,000 feet, even with scientific soil culture. It takes irrigation to do that.

For two years now the dry farmers have raised nothing but children and cries for help. In Weston County, Wyoming, over one hundred families were furnished with free transportation back to points where the struggle for existence did not include the dry climate. The price of relinquishments to choice homesteads has fallen below the cost of improvements. Congressional delegations are being petitioned to give relief from the painful process of starving to death on a homestead in order to "prove up" on the land. A law has been passed making it unnecessary for a homesteader to reside upon his land for the six months prior to April 1st, 1912. The end of the tragic joke known as dry farming is only a matter of time. Two or three more seasons like those of 1910 and 1911 would result in making dry farming a misdemeanor and disseminating dry farming literature a felony under the penal code.

But the fact remains that hundreds of thousands of acres of the best grass land of these States has been taken from the open range by this costly and disastrous agricultural experiment, and little of it is likely soon to become public grazing land. Ploughing up this land forever destroys its value for grazing purposes. The native grasses do not spring up on soil that has been cultivated. The dry farming settlements will furnish the nuclei of small stock ranches. Those with the means and ability to outlast their neighbors will buy their homesteads for a song.

But the fact of paramount importance to stock-men of the old régime is that the fences won't come down. That free grass is gone forever.

Now, while the dry farmers were pouring into the country, there was so much rain during the summer seasons that the grass grew up almost as fast as it was grazed off, with the result that stock-men did not realize the serious inroads these countless small enclosures made on the great body of open

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range. In fact, there was no curtailment in the operations of sheep and cattle-men; rather the reverse.

The Greatest Winter Since '86

In the fall of 1909 there were more sheep on the range than there had ever been before. The preparation for the greatest disaster in the history of the industry was another disaster. It was like the ascent to the top of the toboggan slide. The higher one goes the farther and faster he falls. The reason there were more sheep on the range than ever before at the beginning of the disastrous winter of 1909-10 was that flock-masters couldn't sell them. During the summer of 1909 the disease known as lip-and-leg ulceration, or "foot-and-mouth disease," broke out among the sheep of Montana and Wyoming and spread across the range with incredible rapidity. The nature and origin of this disease is still wrapt in mystery. The sheep-herders knew as much and as little about it as the experts of the Bureau of Animal Industry. The stock remedy for sheep ailments is dipping. The sheep were dipped in vain. Millions of sheep swam across dipping-tanks filled with millions of gallons of dipping fluid without benefiting anyone but the man who sold dip. Result—a large item in the expense account. The direct loss by death from this disease was small. It is only by way of preparation for the cataclysm to follow that it assumes the importance that gives it a place in this narrative. Sheep with sore feet and sore mouths couldn't eat the grass required to prepare them for a long period of starvation. The mysterious nature of the disease prevented men from buying lambs and old ewes to fatten for mutton. The fear of infection closed the markets for wethers and fat lambs.

This, then, was the situation in the fall of 1909. The usual crop of lambs and old ewes was not marketed. To winter very young or old sheep on the range is always a risky proposition. There were more sheep on the range than ever before, particularly more lambs and broken-mouthed ewes, and they were ill prepared, owing to disease, to endure the rigors of a hard winter.

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Then came the arctic winter of 1909-10.

About a foot of snow fell in the latter part of November. It was, however, sufficiently dissipated by high winds, so that plenty of range was laid bare and little alarm was felt. Early in December the great storm began, and from then until late in January we endured the bitterest weather the Rocky Mountain region has ever known. Day after day a fine snow filled the air. This, accompanied by high winds and a temperature far below zero, continued unabated until the drifts would cover a horse and the snow on the level came to his knees. Only the hill-tops were swept bare by the icy wind and no four-footed thing could graze their summits and endure the rigors of that cold. Several sheep-herders, lost in the storm, were frozen to death during the first two weeks. As the cold and wind continued, it crept into the marrow of the sheep's bones, and to secure warmth they piled up on each other, and thousands were killed in this way by crushing and suffocation. The wind swept bands from their bed-grounds during the night, while the herders slept, and they were scattered over those snowy wastes, a prey to wolves and coyotes. Rush orders were sent for train-loads of corn and hay, but the railroads were blockaded, and for a week and ten days at a time there was no traffic. When at last, after incredible efforts, corn and hay were hauled out to be fed to the sheep on the frozen ground, there resulted fresh outbreaks of the lip-and-leg disease. The slow process of starvation began to bear its harvest of death, and though the storm broke in January, and Chinook winds laid bare the grass in February, relief came too late and the weakened animals died even after green grass had started in April.

Many sheep outfits were completely wiped out, many more were mortally wounded, and, with a few exceptions, all the rest were badly crippled. Most of the larger outfits suffered losses of from 50 to 60 per cent. of their entire herds. With hay at $12 to $20 a ton and corn at $1.35 a hundred, they had been put to an enormous expense for feed. The cost of freighting this feed out to the sheep from twenty to seventy-five miles away from the railroad was large. With three feet of snow on the level and the bitter cold and heavy winds they had to con-

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tend with, freighters received $1 a hundred for a fifty-mile trip.

In the fall of 1909, Wyoming enjoyed a greater wealth and prosperity than it had ever seen before. With wool at twenty-two cents, and high prices for mutton and beef, with plenty of grass and a heavily stocked range, it bore up bravely under such misfortunes as the invasion of dry farmers and the disease among its flocks.

The following winter wiped out the accumulated profits of years.

The spring of 1910 was to add heavily to the burden of our woes.

Our most severe weather occurred in December, the breeding season for range sheep. The result was that instead of an increase of 60 per cent., our lamb crop averaged less than 25 per cent.

Wool will not grow upon the backs of starving sheep. Their condition is invariably recorded in the strength and staple of the wool. It is not surprising, then, that with a short staple and broken fleeces, lacking in lustre, we received as a result of our hard winter from seven to nine cents less a pound for our wool than we had in the previous spring.

These conditions prevailed throughout the whole range country. In speaking of Wyoming, I have done so because I myself was a victim and a witness there. But from Mexico to Canada there was the same historic winter, with its attendant loss and expense and its resulting shortage of lamb and wool crop.

Two Years of Drouth

In dry seasons in Western Nebraska, on the banks of the Niobrara, men shouted a song to the tune of *Beulah Land,* the chorus of which has often been recalled to memory during the past two years. The refrain of the chorus was: "Sweet land of Nebraska! Dear land of Nebraska! We stand and look around the plain, and wonder will it never rain." This state of wonder has been chronic in the range country during the spring and summer seasons of 1910 and 1911. The precipitation of

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moisture during the hard winter seems to have drained the heavens dry. It has rained so little that there has been but one crop of grass each summer and that a short one. One result of dry seasons on an overstocked range has already been mentioned. But besides their effect in necessitating the importation of hay and corn, or the exportation of sheep, they result in undersized, unmarketable lambs and an inferior wool crop. When a sheep-man cannot fatten wethers on the range by September, he begins to look for quotations on corn and hay to provide for the coming winter. That has been exactly our situation for the past two years. Because there has not been enough grass to fatten mutton and grow good lambs and wool, we have had to take money, not from our profits (there were none), but from our principal, to keep our sheep alive.

Climates do not change, but conditions do. That we shall continue indefinitely to have drouth in the growing season or that we shall soon have a winter as severe as that of 1909-10 is improbable. That we may ever again see the range conditions of ten years ago is impossible. Until we have some form of range regulation, the range will be overstocked except as it is depleted by catastrophes such as I have described.

We have suffered staggering losses from natural causes. They come to other communities as they came to this great community of the range. After the San Francisco earthquake the country at large didn't propose to legislate that ill-fated city out of existence. People didn't say: "It is proven by the law of the survival of the fittest that San Francisco must be no more." Relief poured in on all sides. Every assistance was given to aid the sufferers to recovery. There was a great dramatic appeal in such a catastrophe.

But while there has been no such overwhelming tragedy to call forth the sympathy of the world in our case, we have endured such a sickening succession of reverses as should entitle us, if not to relief, at least to the privilege of being let alone.

Wool Prices and the Mutton Market

When a man is financially embarrassed, he is heavily handicapped in marketing his product. Since the hard winters, prices

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for wool and mutton have been cut almost squarely in two. The wool-buyers' ingratiating smile has changed to an arrogant stare or a cynical sneer. They know we must have money and that if they wait long enough they can buy our wool at their own terms. With a rising market a combination of wool-buyers to depress the price of wool would be likely to prove ineffective. With a sluggish market and the wool-growers generally hard up, the buyers have unquestionably succeeded in stealing a big slice off the wool clip of the past two years.

In 1909 I received 24 cents a pound for my wool. A few flock-masters were offered 25 cents. In 1910 I received 15½ cents. This was about one cent above the average price to Wyoming wool-growers. In 1911 I received 15 cents, but I sold early in the season, and the average price is probably not over 12 cents a pound. A year ago fleeces were generally broken and of short staple, and this year, owing to the drouth, they were dirty, but the difference in value far from accounts for the difference in cost. The crippled financial condition of sheep outfits has been effectively used by the wool-buyers. But, of course, the tariff agitation and the prospect of the country being flooded by cheap foreign wools has been by far the most potent factor in this reduction of price.

When the price of wool goes down the price of sheep goes down. Most of the lambs grown in the West are sold to buyers in the fall who fatten them during the winter and shear them in the spring before selling them to the packing houses.

Two years ago the average price at which lambs were marketed was about $3. I was fortunate enough to get $3.25 for mine. Last year the price was about $2.50. This year it was below $2. Many flock-masters did not net over $1.80.

As a result of this drop in the price of wool, lambs and mutton, breeding ewes have fallen in price from $5.50 and $6, the figure at which they changed hands two years ago, to $3 and $3.50. In other words, our capital, the value of our plant, is only a little over one-half of what it was two years ago.

The effect of this sudden and violent shrinkage in income and capital upon an industry that had sustained such losses as I have described may be well imagined. In the little town of

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Manville, Wyoming, two years ago, there were thirteen men engaged in the sheep business. Now there are seven. The rest are looking for jobs.

The town of Douglas, which I have mentioned as an example of the prosperity and optimism of the range country ten years ago, breathes an atmosphere of gloom. There have been many failures and there will be more during the next twelve months. There was less incoming business transacted at the Freight Depot during the month of November than had been done for the same period for nine years. The banks, the stores, and all lines of business, reflect the great and radical change which range conditions, disastrous weather, and finally the tariff nightmare, have wrought in our midst. It is a community that stands in fear of disaster.

And it is not alone in this experience. The sheep industry of the entire West stands in the same position.

The Cost of Growing a Pound of Wool

The report of the Tariff Commission sets eleven cents as the approximate cost of growing a pound of wool in the United States. Let us see how much it costs a head to run a band of sheep for a year and what the income per head would be at present prices.

Experience has shown that sheep are most economically run in the range country in bands of about 2,500 head. These sheep are placed in charge of a herder who receives $40 a month and keep. A camp-tender who hauls the covered wagon in which the herder lives from place to place as the sheep exhaust the grass about a camp, receives $45 a month and keep. He moves camp and attends to the needs of two herders. This places a charge of $22.50 a month and half the keep of a man upon a band of sheep. This covers the labor-expense of running a band of sheep for the six months from November 1 to May 1.

Lambing begins in May, and from May 1 to June 1 the services of five more men at $40 a month are required. Two of these are generally kept until the middle of June.

The increase of a herd averages about 60 per cent. By

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running somewhat larger herds in the summer season it is possible to run 5,000 ewes with their increase in three bands. This places an additional labor-charge of one-half of a herder's wages and one-fourth of a camp-tender's wages on a band of sheep for the remaining five and a half months of the year.

The labor charge against a band of sheep therefore comes to $1,177.50.

Supplies for the camp and the extra supplies in the spring and summer for lambing and the proportionate share of an additional herd amount to $933.50, including hay and grain for the horses and corn for the sheep in the winter. The expense of shearing amounts to thirteen cents a head, making an item of $325. Taxes on 2,500 sheep and their proportionate share of the land and equipment would amount to about $150. The cost of breeding, figuring the serviceable life of a buck at four years, and allowing fifteen cents a month per head for upkeep, amounts to $475.

Therefore we have a table of expense, not including interest, loss, or depreciation of plant, something like this:

Labor	$1,177.50
Supplies	933.50
Taxes	150.00
Shearing	325.00
Breeding	475.00
Incidental expense	239.00
Total	$3,300.00

The item of incidental expense covers such expense charges as dipping, livery bills, expense of marketing, etc. I believe that the items of supplies and incidental expense as given above, fall below the average figures for these accounts.

This makes the expense of running a band of sheep a year $1.32 per head. This, of course, does not provide for hard winters, nor periods of drouth, nor does it include loss and depreciation. There is an average loss from varmints, poisonous weeds, and other causes, of not less than 5 per cent. With good

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young breeding ewes at $3.50 at the present time, this places an additional charge of $437.50 in the expense account.

Ewes are bred when they are yearlings and their service to a range outfit ends when they are six years old. After that their teeth are poor and there is such great danger of loss that they must be replaced by younger ewes. As the serviceable life of a breeding ewe lasts for five years, the sheep-man, to keep up his plant, must set aside yearly a sum equal to the difference between the price of a young ewe and the price of a broken-mouthed ewe, multiplied by one-fifth of his flock. This difference in price will be between $1.75 and $2.25. Call it $2. With a band of 2,500 ewes, this adds $1,000 yearly to the cost of running a band of sheep. So the total cost of running a band of 2,500 ewes for one year is $4,737.50, or $1.89½ a head.

This makes no allowance for the interest on the money invested. Owing to the great losses and heavy expense incurred by reason of the disastrous seasons of the past two years, most sheep-outfits are heavy borrowers. I will venture the assertion that in the State of Wyoming, for every head of sheep within the boundaries of the State, there is a dollar owed by a sheep-man. Roughly speaking, there are 4,000,000 sheep in the State, and I am sure the loans to the sheep-men and sheep companies of the State are far in excess of $4,000,000. The current rate of interest is ten per cent. Therefore, before he receives any profit the average sheep-man must pay out $250 in interest on every band of 2,500 ewes.

Adding $250 to $4,737.50, the sum required to run 2,500 ewes for a year, we find that the Wyoming sheep-man must pay out within one-half a cent of $2 a head before he receives a profit.

Now what is his income at present prices on a band of 2,500 ewes? According to the returns for the year 1911 the sheep of Wyoming averaged 8½ pounds of wool to the head. Owing to a dry season, and a correspondingly large output of dust and sand in the fleece, our sheep averaged a pound more wool to the head than usual this year. But with an average of 8½ pounds of wool at 12½ cents, 2,500 ewes after deducting the 5 per

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cent. loss in sheep, would bring a return of $2,529.37 from wool. Deducting the loss again, a 60 per cent. lamb crop would yield us 1,425 lambs. At $1.85, about the average price for this season, our lambs would bring us $2,686. Deducting our expense account and interest charges, we find a profit of $227.87 on the year's business.

But remember that for years before the present tariff agitation, range ewes were worth $5 a head. The land and equipment to run a band of sheep was worth about $10,000. This makes a total investment of $22,500.

So that from this investment, and the time and labor of the owner, we have a return of $227.87. When you consider the numberless cases of those who had to borrow the greater part of their capital you can understand the gloom that pervades the short grass country. Imagine the case of the man who invested $10,000 in land and a band of sheep, and borrowed the balance required, $12,500. His interest charges would be $1,250 instead of $250. And against his year's time and labor, and the interest on his investment, there would be a deficit of $772.13. There are hundreds and hundreds of such cases in the range country. In fact, since the drop in the prices of sheep and range lands that has followed the tariff agitation, there have been many men in the sheep business whose liabilities exceeded their assets by thousands of dollars. They have been rendered insolvent. The reason they are allowed to continue in business is that the banks consider that if many were closed out there would ensue a still greater shrinkage in values and with the bare possibility that tariff legislation may not be hostile, such action is to be deplored.

I said by way of introduction that I am a sheep-man. I am not a statesman. This is not an attempt to show that the tariff on raw wool should not be lowered. The interests of the American public must determine that.

But we have seen a drop in the price of wool in two years from 22 cents to 12 cents, without any lowering of the price of woollen clothing. We have seen the placing of hides on the free list followed by a rise in the price of shoes. We have sold our lambs and our wethers for little more than half the price we

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received two years ago, with no change in the price of mutton to the consumer.

Would the destruction of the sheep industry benefit the American people? No one believes that. Would a material reduction in the tariff on wool destroy the sheep industry? Emphatically, yes. Owing to the vicissitudes we have endured for the past two years we have seen how a prosperous industry has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. The narrow margin of profit that now exists may be changed to disastrous loss by any of the great risks of the range. A further lowering of prices would certainly be followed by ruin. If ever an industry needed protection, and needed it badly, it is the sheep industry to-day.

It is not an infant industry. But it is a sick industry. Our plight and the proposed operation on Schedule K remind one of the good old days when a man in the last stages of some dread disease sent for the doctor, who promptly let out what little blood there was left in the emaciated frame, thus permitting the sufferer to pass quickly and quietly away. That is the peril of the wool-grower to-day.

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THE CRISIS OF ISLAM

AMEEN RIHANI

NEVER in the history of the world has the Orient been so overcome by the spirit of revolution. Its governments, its creeds, its wisdom, its poetry may not bear that familiar *cachet* of Orientalism, when the storm subsides and the sky is clear again. For in this age of social and political unrest, with its unconscionable speed of thought and action, a *coup d'état* can almost be accomplished in a *coup d'œil.* That is why the sleepy-eyed Oriental, who was sleeping for centuries with his unsheathed sword in his hand, as it were, no longer fears the sinister spectre of Europe. And now that the light of freedom and modern science is dawning upon him, perhaps from the West, and in spite of Europe, *he* himself will overthrow his despotic government; *he* will reform his domestic life; *he* will abolish his degrading customs and cants; *he* will wash away the rust from his own creed. Indeed, Oriental empires and Oriental religions are now in the disintegrating and remoulding hand of revolution. And the result of its work we have seen in Japan, and we are now seeing in China, and we shall yet see in Islam. For this great nation of the Koran, now undergoing a terrible political and religious crisis, is nevertheless rising to power again, in spite of the tottering of its principal throne and the disintegration of its biggest empire.

Indeed, Turkey must soon go the way of the empires of the Omaiyads, the Abbasides and the Fatemites; but Islam, not an impure source, to be sure, of all these passing Khalifates, and of more to come, is still formidable, and will continue to hold its own alongside of Buddhism and Christianity. The American reader may have but a vague idea of the extent of the Mohammedan world. If he will take up the map and draw a straight line through the Sahara across the Red Sea to Oman in Arabia, then another straight line northward through Turkestan to the borders of the Russian Empire, he will have divided this Koran nation of two hundred and fifty million souls

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in half, one of which borders on deserts and south seas and savage tribes, and the other on Europe.

Now, a nation of two hundred and fifty million souls, more than one-half of which is under Christian rule, struggling to shake off its fetters; to consolidate its opposing forces; replenishing itself in the South and in the East from the inexhaustible sources of the life primitive; assimilating in the North, but not without discrimination, the civilization of Europe; a nation with a glorious past, a living faith and language, an inspired Book, an undying hope, might be divided against itself by European diplomacy, but can never be subjugated by European arms. If it is losing its provinces in the North, it is making converts in the South. And to the big chiefs of the tribes, who all aspire to become Mahdis some day, a convert made is equal to a province lost.

And what may be its future destiny? Neither battleships nor Peace Tribunals, when the human conscience behind them is impure, the human mind ignoble, can decide the future of any nation. One thing, however, is clear. European aggression has always helped the spread of Islam. And now it is goading it to a *jihad* the like of which the world may not have seen since the Crusades. This is not an augury of a visionary or fanatic. For every impartial observer, whether a diplomat, a scholar or a war correspondent, will testify to the fact that the nation of Islam can put in the field one and a half million drilled soldiers in addition to two or three million fighting men from the rising tribes. And these Muslems are drilled and trained and kept in active service by Europe—by France, England, Germany and Russia—to maintain peace in their Mohammedan possessions. But the day is soon coming when the European officers of these Mohammedan regiments will not be obeyed; when in Algeria, in Morocco, in Tunis, in Egypt, in India, in East Africa, in Central Asia, the Muslem regiments will follow the green flag of the Prophet, the flag of the *jihad,* heeding no commandment but the commandment of Allah as set down in the Holy Book. Indeed, a word from Sheikh'ul-Islam in Constantinople, or even from the Mufti of Egypt, can light the sedges of revolt in every Europo-Muslem army in Africa and Asia. Consider that in

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Egypt alone there are twenty thousand British-drilled Muslem soldiers. Now, an army so formidable, trained by European officers, armed with modern weapons and reinforced by savage hordes from the rising tribes, might not reëstablish Islam in Europe, but it will drain the treasuries and undermine the military strength of Europe.

And why not a *jihad?* it is asked. Under the yoke of foreign domination, provoked by the criminal acquisitiveness of her neighbors, goaded by the arrogance and selfishness of their officials in her own lands, a nation, in the throes of an impending crisis, driven to the utmost verge, never stops to consider her weapons, or how she strikes. What the outcome of a *jihad* might be, however, is a subject for speculation. We have sufficient proof in the present war of the rise of the Arabs, of the awakening of the black races of Africa, and of the fighting strength of both. Indeed, they are the backbone of the Turkish army in Tripoli. Now, the Arabs and the blacks—such an alliance is not unknown to history—might compose in the future the spiritual and the military strength of Islam.

As for the Turks, they are rapidly becoming a negligible quantity in the struggle. They have played their card and lost. Their revolution was imperfect, illogical. Moved by the Masonic Jews of Salonika on the one hand, and by the free-thought French literature of the last century on the other, the Young Turks tried to awaken the Ottoman people after having overturned the Ottoman throne: which is perilous both to the people and to their leaders. A monster long asleep is a babe when it awakes; and a babe will cry for the moon and will break its milk-bottle on its nurse's head if it doesn't get the moon. Now, the Ottoman people, long suffering, long asleep, awoke, as from a nightmare, only to find themselves in the hands of a clique of young politicians—inexperienced, incompetent, fatuous, short-sighted politicians—whose cardinal political principle is: To the victor belong the spoils.

It may seem strange to say that the Turks themselves are apprehensive of Pan-Islamism. For should a holy war be declared to-morrow, it would cause their downfall as a ruling people and their ultimate extinction, perhaps, as a race. The pres-

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ent Sultan of Turkey, however, is not the one to unfurl the green flag of the Prophet; he can initiate, but not lead, a movement of such magnitude. But the one great Turk that could have done both is now a prisoner in Salonika. Indeed, the ex-Sultan has in him the madness of a Mahdi and the megalomania of an Oriental autocrat. But the Turks, all their much-boasted fighting strength to the contrary, cannot produce another. They lack that stamina, that dynamic moral force, which in political and religious crises is the one great dominating and consolidating factor. For though their leaders are to a great extent sceptics and atheists, they dare not countenance that movement of religious reform which is championed by the liberal-minded, free-thinking Mohammedans of Syria and Egypt.

The seeds of what might be called the Muslem Reformation are now being sown in the harem, in the mosque, and in the katatib (grammar schools) by these young leaders of modern thought. For they have realized that a political revolution which is not preceded by a spiritual one, must necessarily miscarry. And they have had sufficient proof of this in the revolutionary blunderings of the Young Turks.

Indeed, a reform of the official religion in a country like Turkey is of more importance than a reform of the government. I admit that the Augean stables of Yieldiz are worse in the new régime than they were in the old; but in the mosque is something more pernicious—in the mosque lurks the inveterate enemy of all constitutional government. Now, it depends partly on "the benevolent intentions" of Europe whether Islam shall benefit by the slow but persistent efforts of its vanguards of freedom, and become again one of the civilizing forces of the world, or whether all religious and moral reforms shall be frustrated, defeated, and a holy war proclaimed. For the Mohammedan world to-day is in the clutches of that passion which excludes all others—that passion of fanaticism which Europe, by its criminal acquisitiveness and broken pledges, is fanning to a conflagration, and on which the Turks must look with the cowardly heart of one who would ingratiate himself with both parties. Fearing Europe, they will not fan the fire; and, fearing the nation, they will not make any attempt at extinguishing its

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flames. Alas! and how can a ruling people, who can boast of no heroes of the Idea, no martyrs of civic duty, triumph in a political revolution? And how can a nation cherish and pursue the ideal of perfectibility when she is always absorbed in the shrivelling thought of self-defence?

It was believed at first that the revolution was a sort of barrier in the way of Turkey's downfall; but now, with the war in Tripoli, the mutterings again of rebellion in Albania, and imminent communism in Constantinople, the barrier is raised, and the Empire is allowed to proceed—down to the abyss? Perhaps. And this to all non-Turkish Ottomans is a consummation devoutly to be wished. For the spirit of freedom and constitutional government is encircling the world. And the spirit of unrest and discontent is wedded to this spirit of freedom: so that in a nation where one party or one people fail, another party or another people will rise to the situation. And whatever Europe's attitude may be, she cannot frustrate forever the higher aspirations of the Oriental people. In Socialism, at least, the Orient has a friendly voice, though perhaps a questionable friend. And, as a matter of fact, the colonizing passion—the present Italian invasion of Tripoli and the Russian aggression in Persia notwithstanding—is no longer what it was. Indeed, after Italy has been in Tripoli a few years, trying her hand at "good government," she will find that it would have been easier and more profitable, more Christian-like, at least, to give these unstinted benefits of "good government" to Sicily and Calabria, where her honest speech, moreover, can be understood and her unselfish aims appreciated. For the Arabs, who are fighting against her to-day side by side with their inveterate enemies the Turks, will continue to be a thorn in her tender side. Yes, the Arabs are irreconcilable, and they are still formidable.

To be sure, the Arabic-speaking peoples, if not the Arabs themselves, have always been the backbone of Islam. And if the Mohammedan world is being invaded and plundered in the North, it is expanding in the East and the South. What Islam is losing on the borders of Europe it is gaining in Africa and Central Asia through its modern propaganda, which is conducted according to Christian methods. And this is one of the

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grand results of "civilization by benevolent assimilation." Europe drills the Muslem to be a soldier, who will ultimately turn his weapons against her; and she sends her missionaries to awaken in the *ulama* the proselytizing evil. Now, if the Mohammedans, who have quickly learned the game, should ultimately outwit the Christians, if they are as successful in their revolution as they are in their propaganda, the great railway systems in Asia and Central Africa—the Cape and the Baghdad railways—will pass eventually into their hands. But let us hope this will not come to pass before that one-half of Islam bordering on Europe becomes a consolidated power, not of zealotry and fanaticism, but of intelligence and enlightenment.

And let me say here that the three important phases in the Reform of Islam as carried on to-day are decided innovations. For never before in its history has a propaganda been instituted such as the one which has Cairo for its centre; nor has it ever permitted the establishment of schools for girls, which in Syria to-day have Christian women as teachers; nor would the modern interpretation of the Koran have ever been countenanced by the eminent Mohammedan doctors of the past, such as al-Ghazzali, al-Bokhari, and the rest.

No matter how we feel toward Islam, therefore, we cannot say it is a waning power, a decaying religion. In Africa, for instance, the Muslem sheikh-preacher—a curious combination of which only our age can boast—makes two converts to the Christian missionary's one. Even in Abyssinia, we are told, the Christians are yielding to the Muslem faith; and the blacks, as in the past, are arming themselves again with the ringing words of Mohammed. A coalition between them and the Arabs, consequently, is a subject for speculation not unworthy of thoughtful and far-seeing minds. And who knows what might arise from this—a new Empire of Islam, or perhaps a Mohammedan Republic! Our age is pregnant with political surprises.

A few years ago there were whisperings in European diplomatic circles of transferring the rights of the Khalifate to the Sultan of Morocco. This conspiracy, while working the ruin of the Turks as a ruling people, would weaken the Khalifate too and ultimately isolate it as a spiritual power. The Khalif in

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Mecca, say, like the Pope in Rome, and the greatest reform in Islam will have been accomplished.

But the Turks themselves will not move a finger in this direction. Whatever Islam is at present Islam shall remain; and they will make a pawn of it to Europe to save their face before the world. "For see, O Europe," the Pashas in power seductively, plaintively whisper, "is not Islam consuming itself in its own fanaticism? And are we not blinking at its madness for thy sake?" Yes—but they shall not blink much longer. "Either lead the way, or get out of the way!" will soon be the cry of Islam to the Turks.* And in either case perdition will be their lot. Such has been the lot of all makeshift governments, in which conscience never prevailed, reason never triumphed; in which a passion for justice was never known. For the truth of the moral law is nowhere more evident than in the ruins of empires.

To profess my religion that you might rule over me is a species of flattery which does not long hold its color. To be able to inspire confidence in others, one must have confidence in one's God, or at least in one's self. It seems almost trite to say it now—the Turks, a military race, are moral cowards. Moreover, a conquering race, after misruling for centuries, ceases to produce great men. The last of the great Turks, I say it again, is the prisoner of Salonika. For, whatever he may be, Abd'ul-Hamid did not sully the Idea in making it serve his political policy or his own personal interest, as his dastardly dethroners have done. But the Idea will not long serve those who are not faithful to it, who are not willing to be its martyrs. Indeed, how could the Young Turks, who have faith neither in the Gospel of Jean-Jacques nor in the Gospel of Mohammed, except to rule

* After the above was written there appeared in the Arabic and the European Press the following letter, which the Senussi Chief sent to the Porte:

"I learn that the great Powers want to coerce the Porte to make peace with Italy. I know by experience that Turkey has no means to support us Arabs effectually in our task of defending the country, and that in point of fact she is not at war with Italy. Nevertheless, we Arabs are proud of the blood we have shed, not only for Turkey, but also for Islam. I therefore declare that should the Porte yield to the Powers and sell us to the infidels we shall proclaim a new Khalifate which will better defend the power and honor of Islam."

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forever a nation of the most defeating heterogeneity, with its manifold curse of conflicting cries and creeds?

The reader of Gibbon will recall his words on the attitude of the Roman Government toward the various conflicting modes of worship in the Empire. Yes, let us have toleration, but not hypocrisy. The philosopher of Rome looked upon the different creeds as equally false; but the Roman magistrate, while believing the philosopher, looked upon them as equally useful. Now, this stifling of the moral impulse, this yoking of the moral law to make it serve the political law, is, I hold, one of the causes of the downfall of the Roman Empire. And it is rapidly working the downfall of the Turks. For neither the spirit of the French Revolution, which is no longer a panacea for all our social ills—and which fact, by the way, the Young Turks have not yet discovered; nor the spirit of religion, whether Christian or Mohammedan, can be made to serve the interest of a ruling class without undermining in the end the foundation of its sinister power. For a fanatic sincerity of conviction is the lever of all successful revolutions, the central pillar of all rising empires.

But if the Turks, being nearer to Europe, have only caught the diseases of its civilization, if they are sceptical, blasé, indurate, selfish, covetous, the Arabs, their opponents, are yet crude, and healthy, and primitive in their strength. They are an earnest race, a fanatical race—a race that is always young, a race that never withers. In the Arabs are still many dormant forces, political, moral, spiritual; in them are the lusty seeds of great achievements. And if the wild and fascinating dream of consolidating the martial and spiritual powers of the rising Arabs and the awakening black races of Africa under a Khedive of Egypt—say another Mohammed Ali from some Balkan State —or a Sherif of Mecca from the heart of the desert—but let me resume my argument.

The Reform of Islam is not a dream, but a reality. And, strange as it may seem, the material tendencies of the times are bringing about this spiritual revolution, these moral, social and religious reforms. In Europe the Reformation was born of a longing for spiritual and intellectual freedom; but in Islam, with a civilization chiefly commercial pressing upon it all around, it is

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the outcome of the material and social needs of the people. The final result, however, will be the same. For though the Koran to the Muslem be a sort of divine encyclopædia, though his religion be the pride and mainstay of his life, the time will come when that book will be read only as a great classic, while the great Kaaba—but need I remind the reader of those Byzantine churches that were once pagan temples and became afterwards Mohammedan mosques?—and the mosques, what might they not become in the future?

No, the two hundred and fifty million Muslems of the world are not made of inferior clay; they have in them, as well as any Christian people, the seed of an infinite possibility. And long before Europe lighted her torch of intelligence and reason, the philosophers of Islam proclaimed the potentiality of the ideal. Now, with the theory of the eternal recurrence of things in view, which theory is proven by philosophy and history, two phases of development are observed in the Mohammedan world. I have not phrased it rightly: I would say that two opposing voices of two reawakenings are now heard in Islam: the voice of a *renaissance* and the voice of a *jihad*. But which shall stifle the other remains to be seen. There is this, however, that is evident: the voice of the *renaissance* is now being drowned in the cries of the monster of fanaticism which the criminal acquisitiveness of Europe is provoking, goading to criminal violence. And on Europe shall be the guilt which centuries of righteousness cannot wash away. For she may dispossess two hundred and fifty million people, but she cannot crush their faith. She can never subjugate a nation with a divine heritage, a living and ever growing religion. For Islam may lose all its acquired possessions bordering on Europe and the Mediterranean Sea, and it will still have new worlds, new races, new tribes to conquer. It is conquering them now. On the other side of the equator, in the deserts of Central Africa, beyond the Caucasus and Turkestan, there are such tribes of crude and primitive hearing to whom the voice of Mohammed is more audible than the still soft voice of Jesus. Theirs are sealed souls, as it were, which yield more to the hand of Islam than to that of Christianity. And in the Orient, even to-day, it is this, and not battleships and armaments, which makes or unmakes an empire.

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THE INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF HOME RULE

ROLAND G. USHER

GLADSTONIAN idealism and insistence upon the theoretical considerations of liberty and justice as the only criteria necessary for the settlement of England's dilemma about Ireland have accustomed men to regard Home Rule as a question which concerned England and Ireland alone, and have brought about the belief that it is a domestic issue whose settlement could be undertaken or postponed as the English people saw fit. The scales have fallen from the eyes of English statesmen, if we correctly read certain utterances of Cabinet Ministers, and the fact is slowly dawning upon the English nation that the problem of Home Rule is in reality an international issue of importance, whose settlement is not merely permissive from the English, or desirable from the Irish point of view, but imperative, if the imperial policy at present dominant in British councils is to be successful. As Mr. Gladstone and his followers looked upon the Irish problem, justice and equity, to say nothing of the theory of democracy, compelled England, at whatever cost to herself, to take the magnanimous step of conceding to an oppressed people the right to rule themselves. The English people, more concerned with expediency than with theory, followed Lord Salisbury in his opinion that the inevitable administrative difficulties would effectually prevent for many years the derivation of any such benefits from Home Rule as optimistic Irishmen expected to obtain. On the whole, the English people still feel that the individual interests of England and Ireland and the administration of the United Kingdom would be more impeded than ameliorated by such a step at this time. Yet, a notion is spreading slowly, and with the championship of the Cabinet will advance more rapidly, that considerations widely different from those which Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone debated, but not less cogent and compelling, by no means lead to that conclusion.

The English are, in fact, just beginning to see that if it is true that they rule Ireland, it is even truer that the Irish

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Nationalists rule England, and the whole British Empire into the bargain. The House of Commons has become legally as supreme as it has long been in fact, and the majority of its members now exercises absolute sovereignty, executive and legislative. The actual use of this astounding power is intrusted to a Cabinet, designated by this majority, which thus possesses while in office the power which in America is exercised by the President, the Senate, the House, with a large share of the authority in the hands of the States and cities. Nor is there any limit upon the English Cabinet's discretion. They may do anything whatever which the majority behind them will approve and may hold this power until the composition of the House changes, at a General Election, or through the gradual party-disintegration that registers the tidal flow of public opinion.

The assumption had been that there would always be a clear majority one way or the other on all topics of importance; that through this majority the English people, who elect about two-thirds of the 670 odd members, would govern the British Empire. Upon this assumption is based the notion that the English govern Ireland. But the fact is that for many years neither of the great English parties has had a working majority in the House of Commons for more than a comparatively brief time, so that most recent Cabinets have been designated by and have depended on a coalition between one of the English parties and the various insurgent bodies of whom the Irish Nationalists and the Laborites are the most numerous. Indeed, the former with a voting strength of between eighty and one hundred members—about one-eighth of the House—has for years been able to maintain or defeat most Ministries. The casting vote has been that of Ireland, and that vote has been consistently cast, in season and out of season, to prevent the passage of the legislation England wants in the shape the English desire, in order thus to force them to grant Ireland Home Rule. England has, therefore, governed herself and her Empire only in the way permitted by a body of men whose chief aim is to make the conduct of affairs as difficult and precarious as possible without actually upsetting the coach of state.

Nor has there ever been a time, not excepting the days of

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Bonaparte, when it has been more essential that English statesmen should be free from all unnecessary restraints and perplexities. Last summer the strike of the railroad men and dock-laborers made it only too evident that England cannot feed herself, and would starve in about a week if the foreign supply should be cut short. At the same instant, fear of war with Germany caused a close scrutiny of fleet and army, which were publicly declared by such prominent men as Lord Beresford and Lord Roberts to be unfit for the crisis, and for whose condition both blamed the Cabinet unsparingly. The magnitude of the recent coal strike and the really stupendous complications resulting from it, as well as the difficulty of settling it on any terms whatever, have roused England as never before to a sense of the gravity and urgency of her domestic problems. For more than twenty years, too, it has been known that a dangerous ferment of opinion existed in India, and that Russia has been only too anxious to assail their outposts; but the crisis in Persia brought the whole issue to the fore in a most significant way. Without doubt England's Mediterranean and Eastern interests are at this moment in greater danger than for many years. Thus to satisfy her discontented masses at home, to keep the fleet and army at high efficiency, and to be able to act promptly and circumspectly in the many fields where the most statesmanlike policy is imperative, will require a rare coöperation between the leaders and their majority in the House of Commons. From the slightest error in judgment, from the least inattention to the most minute detail, from the least delay or incompetency in the execution of the policy agreed upon, might flow results so far-reaching as to threaten with destruction the British Empire.

Nor are the Ministers the only men conscious of these facts. The Irish Nationalists are fully aware that it is now eminently worth England's while to pay them any reasonable price to stop their obstruction, actual or implied, of English plans and policy. They do not indeed themselves wish to bring about the deluge, but they are fully determined to avail themselves of the present crisis to extort Home Rule; and should their existing agreement with Mr. Asquith fail to secure the promised result they will carry their opposition to any length necessary, short of causing

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absolute disaster, to secure that end. Home Rule then is almost certain to be granted this year,* not because Ireland is any more fit for it or because England is any more willing she should have it than in 1885, but because the international situation makes the power of Redmond to dictate conditions intolerable.

Moreover, as international considerations will secure Home Rule, so they will be almost certain largely to influence the terms upon which it will be granted. For years, the difficulty has not been in securing the consent of the Cabinet or indeed of the House of Commons, but in drafting a measure which the English people outside of Parliament would not be absolutely certain to disapprove; for, after all, the Executive and Legislature in England are really and literally responsible to the people in a sense that no American official is. One detail of the new Bill of all those surmised seems vital. If the English people can be brought to assent to the principle of Home Rule at all, the details of the composition of the Irish Legislature and Executive will not be much questioned; but it will be a most serious thing if the English nation is to pledge an annual subsidy until the new Irish Government can get along without it. Who is to judge when that day has come? What is to prevent the Irish from providing an annual deficit of that amount as long as they like? If they embark upon an agrarian policy even more fatally expensive than those already tried and are unable to meet the bills, who then will pay them? Will an Irish national debt be created? Will not that in the long run have to be financed in London, so that the English will in practice shoulder the debt just the same? Nor does the insistence by the Irish members upon complete financial independence of England, as far as the right of Parliament to tax them is concerned, fail to lend color to the fears of English conservatives.

Not only do the Cabinet and House of Commons need to be freed from the dictation of the Irish members, but the English taxpayer sorely needs to be exempted from the ever-increasing burdens which legislation for Ireland continues to thrust upon him. With the naval expenditures mounting yearly,

* The House of Lords, of course, will defer the operation of the Bill for two years by the use of its restricted veto.

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a great increase of the army budget demanded, old-age pensions, compulsory insurance, and many other schemes either accepted or proposed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been forced to tax the unearned increment for lack of any other alternative. The imperial burdens seem to be getting too great for the English taxpayer, and Home Rule for Ireland, in the sense of compelling Ireland to support herself and shoulder her share of the national debt, would be a measure of the greatest importance.

On such conditions, however, the Nationalists will not accept Home Rule. While the great increase in the number of peasant proprietors and the gradual elimination of absentee landlordism have had striking results and have undoubtedly relieved the poverty of many of the old peasants and tenants, and while the Wyndham Act, by the appropriation of $175,000,000 to be loaned to tenants on even easier terms than the previous Acts permitted for the purchase of their holdings, will eventually accomplish still more, it is none the less true that Ireland is at the best barely capable of supporting her own administration. It is difficult to separate all the elements of Irish receipts and expenditure from the English items; but, although the poorer country has been taxed disproportionately, when her capacity is considered, a considerable deficit has had to be met from English sources; and these deficits are not encouraging to the Home Rulers. Self-government might result in an enormous impetus to the prosperity of the kingdom, and a more economical, yet more effective, administration; but these benefits are merely problematical, and the Nationalist leaders certainly will not sacrifice their present advantages: they will not renounce, without adequate compensation, the revenue from America that has so long paid their personal bills, or resign their position as arbiters of the destinies of the Empire, to struggle alone in Dublin with the bitter economic, social, and religious problems which they are well aware are at the bottom of Ireland's discontent and which, they also realize, the administrative ability and resources of England have been trying to solve for three centuries without success. Financial aid from England alone can prevent the first years of their rule from imposing heavier burdens on Ireland than she has borne for generations and from robbing

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the small landowner of the tiny property and savings that have been secured at so heavy a price. To insure the permanence of Home Rule, its first few years must be filled with definite administrative successes. There must be less taxes, not more; greater benefits to the poor, not fewer; an assurance of the permanence of the benefits they now have and of an administration at least as good as England's. The Nationalists have not had administrative experience and it is an uncommonly costly thing to buy; they will, therefore, never accept Home Rule on any terms except those which will insure its striking success for at least five years.

Here is the real stumbling block in the path of the new Bill. While England's strength would be appreciably increased in international affairs by the settlement of the Irish question, to settle it by assuming new financial burdens whose only limitation would be the discretion and skill of the Nationalist leaders and whose amount could not be less than the cost of one or two new battleships a year would not compensate for the added freedom. The international complications which provide England with cogent reasons for granting Home Rule furnish her also cogent financial reasons for refusing it on such terms as the Nationalists demand. At the same time, these utilitarian considerations ought not to blind either party in the House of Commons to that very real and very natural desire of the great majority of the Irish people for a government more consonant with their own ideals and necessities, and which, however weak or incapable, should be their own. This fact, aside from prejudices or grievances, justifiable or otherwise, is one of the strong elements contending with the argument from expediency. The fact, too, that Ireland is openly disunited; that the embers of past broils and battles between the Orange and the Green are still warm, also cannot be forgotten. These and many other fears and apprehensions, both in England and Ireland, the devices sketched by Mr. Churchill at Belfast and embodied in the new Bill may in large measure dissipate. But the issue of finance and the question of Ireland's future share in English and imperial affairs are, after all, the crucial matters to adjust and both depend upon factors which are neither English nor Irish, but international.

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DIRECT ACTION

The Philosophy of the Labor Struggles of To-day

LOUIS LEVINE, PH.D.

"DIRECT Action." Another winged phrase which has made its way into the English vocabulary. Hardly known to English readers a few months ago, it has rapidly won a place in the stock-room of words and phrases in which our intellectual acquisitions are for convenience' sake summarized. One now hears and reads the forceful phrase almost daily—a sign that it expresses some vital fact of modern life.

More than that. Though so young, the phrase already carries along with it a vast amount of emotion. It is associated with contradictory feelings, and stirs imaginations to various visions. Some pronounce it with joy and enthusiasm; some, with bitter hatred and vehement denunciation; some yet, with widely open eyes in which there is apprehension and dismay.

And no wonder. In this country the terse phrase has made its appearance amidst most extraordinary circumstances. It emerged upon the surface of social life out of the depths of terrible industrial disturbances. It was thrown out to appease the metaphysico-causal cravings of an astonished public which stood aghast at an unparalleled trial and confession of two brother labor-leaders. It probably could not explain the fact it was meant to explain. But it nevertheless revealed a mystery—that somewhere in the unseen corners of our social system a tremendous work of the gravest consequences to civilization is going on and is pressing forward to a definite end.

The dismal phrase has since stirred the world. Concrete illustrations of what it means were recently given in a series of monster strikes, such as had never been seen before. The strikes of the railroad men, of the dockers, and of the miners in England; the Lawrence strike in this country. And there can be little doubt that the near future has in store for us a few more strikes which will drive home even to those who have eyes and see not that a new phase of social struggles is on us,—struggles

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the character and philosophy of which are summed up in the two words: "Direct Action."

A few historical notes may introduce the reader to a broader comprehension of the subject. The phrase "Direct Action" is of French origin. Its precision and directness, indeed, testify to its origin. It was used for the first time in 1897 by Fernand Pelloutier, General Secretary of the Federation of Labor Exchanges (Fédération des Bourses du Travail). The Bourses du Travail are local federations of labor unions, sometimes of a single city or town, sometimes extending over a larger region. They take care of the general interests of the working-men of a locality and are autonomous in the administration of their own affairs. For activities of national scope, however, they are united in a National Federation with headquarters in Paris. The Federation of Labor Bourses was organized in 1892 and Pelloutier was its secretary from 1894 until his death in 1901.

Pelloutier was a philosophical anarchist and had no faith in the State. He was convinced that the modern State, however progressive the government, could do nothing of permanent value for the working-men. He, therefore, advised the latter to organize and to accomplish *directly* by their own efforts what they could not obtain indirectly through parliamentary representative government.

This sounds simple enough, and the reader may ask what is there in this idea that is new and original. Had not the British Trades Unions done this before? Do not the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor pursue the same policy? In fact, has not this become the recognized policy of Trades Unionism the world over, the policy to which even employers have generally become reconciled and which has resulted in the practice of collective bargaining and of collective contracts?

Not quite; the similarity is only apparent, at any rate does not go beyond the surface. What Pelloutier had in mind, and what all advocates of Direct Action have had in mind since, is something entirely opposed to the fundamental ideas of English and American Trades Unionism of the old type. The latter has been organized along trade or craft lines. Every Trades Union embraces generally the skilled men only of the trade and deals

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with the employers for its own members alone. Its contracts are concluded without any consideration for other working-men employed in the same industry. If there are several Trades Unions in the same industry, their contracts generally expire at different times, so that combined action of all working-men of one industry—not to speak of several industries—is hardly ever possible. The working-men under this system of organization are divided into groups, each looking out for itself and strongly imbued with a feeling of group-egoism.

To fight this narrow feeling is, on the contrary, the avowed purpose of those who advocate Direct Action. Their idea is to unite all the working-men of a country into one body. They stand for *Industrial Unionism* as opposed to trade or craft unionism. They want unions which should embrace all the working-men of an industry, similar to the Miners' or Brewers' Federation in this country. And, furthermore, they eagerly look forward to the unification of all the industrial unions of a country into one "Big Union" which should present the united front of the working-men as a class against employers as a class.

France is the country where this idea was first realized. The General Confederation of Labor with a membership of half a million workers is a federation of federations. Its constituent elements are the federations of separate industries, such as the Federation of Miners, the Federation of the Building Trades, and the local federations spoken of above as Bourses du Travail. The General Confederation was organized in 1895, but received its present constitution in 1902, when it amalgamated with the Federation of Bourses du Travail mentioned before. The General Confederation of Labor represents all the organized workers of France and takes up all matters which concern the working class of France as a whole. A similar form of organization is being advocated now in England by Tom Mann and his followers. In our country the idea of one "Big Union" is advocated by the Industrial Workers of the World, organized in 1905 and generally called the I. W. W., who conducted the recent strike in Lawrence.

Yet the reader may wonder whether form of organization matters so much after all. A little consideration of the question

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will show, however, that it is of tremendous importance. A form of organization presupposes definite technical conditions, rests upon certain general ideas, and leads to determinate collective action.

The technical conditions which have called into life the idea of industrial unions have been created by the machine invading industry after industry and breaking down the barriers between the trades. The idea rests further on the assumption that all working-men irrespective of trade or particular employment are connected by a common tie which binds millions of separate human units into a compact class-unity. The apostles of Direct Action emphasize the fact that society is divided into classes and frankly proclaim their intention to deepen the chasm between the classes and to accentuate the class-struggle as much as is in their power. Industrial unionism thus becomes identical with "class-conscious" unionism—the form of organization being but the material embodiment of an implied general principle. The I. W. W. have been the representatives of "class-conscious" unionism in this country, while the General Confederation of Labor has upheld the principle in France.

An organization uniting the working-men into a compact and solid body such as described above furnishes the material basis for Direct Action in all its manifestations. In the popular mind Direct Action has already become identified with violence. But, as with most popular conceptions, this one also is—though right in statement—wrong because of inadequacy of statement. Direct Action may, but must not necessarily, assume violent forms, nor would all violence be Direct Action. There must be something in the character of a labor-struggle besides and independent of violence which alone can transform it into a particular manifestation of Direct Action. This something is the spirit in which the struggle is carried on. It is the spirit of energetic pressure of the laboring mass on the small body of employers, the spirit of determination, of enthusiastic uprising, and of revolt against conditions which are declared to be intolerable. It is the spirit of a united class which opposes its solidarity and indignation to the exploitation-powers of the employing class. Of course, when strikes are conducted in this spirit, violence may

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result. But the working-men do not take the first step in this direction. At Lawrence, to take one instance out of many, the perpetrators of violence were the local authorities.

But how about sabotage? Is not sabotage the very essence of Direct Action and is it not equivalent to open violence?

An illuminating answer to this question may be given by telling the story of one of the earliest manifestations of sabotage. It was in 1889. The organized dockers of Glasgow demanded a ten-per-cent. increase of wages, but met with the refusal of the employers. Strike breakers were brought in from among the agricultural laborers, and the dockers had to acknowledge defeat and to return to work on the old wage-scale. But before the men resumed their work, the Secretary of the Union delivered to them the following address:

"You are going back to work at the old wage. The employers have repeated time and time again that they were delighted with the work of the agricultural laborers who had taken our place for several weeks during the strike. But we have seen them at work; we have seen that they could not even walk a vessel, that they dropped half of the merchandise they carried, in short, that two of them could hardly do the work of one of us. Nevertheless, the employers have declared themselves enchanted by the work of these fellows; well, then, there is nothing left for us but to do the same and to practise Ca' Canny. Work, as the agricultural laborers worked. Only they often fell into the water; it is useless for you to do the same."

The advice was followed and for two or three days the dockers applied the policy of Ca' Canny. The result was immediate. The employers called in the secretary of the union, asked him to tell the men to work as they worked before, and granted at the same time the ten-per-cent. increase in wages.

This fact shows that sabotage does not always mean violence. It consists mainly in harming the interests of the employers by cleverly handling the power in the hands of the workers. It is a sort of resistance which, though effective, does not end in a walk-out and in a complete interruption of production. It is, however, designed to strike the employer in his most sensitive spot—his profits—and to make him feel that only conces-

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sion can save him from loss. The following story may throw some more light on the variety and ingenuity of methods of sabotage.

The scene is now Italy, and the time of action the year 1905. The railway men were discontented but, having lost their strike, they determined to keep up resistance while on the job. They made up their minds to follow faithfully all the regulations of the service; but too much loyalty is often as bad as direct obstruction. This was the result as described by contemporary observers.

"According to the regulations, the wickets are to be opened for the distribution of tickets thirty minutes and should be closed five minutes before the train leaves.

"The wickets are opened. A crowd of would-be passengers hurry there full of impatience. A gentleman offers a ten-franc bill, asking for a ticket worth 4 francs and 50 centimes. The employee reads to him an article of the regulations which requests passengers to present the exact price of their ticket, to a centime. Let him then go and get the money. The same story is repeated with eight passengers out of ten. In spite of the customary procedure, but according to the regulations, no money is given out, not even a franc. In twenty-five minutes hardly thirty persons have obtained tickets. The rest come running out of breath with the exact amount of money in their hands. But it is too late, the wicket is closed, according to the regulations.

"But even those who have obtained tickets are not yet at the end of their sufferings. They are in the cars, but the train does not move. According to the regulations, the engines and other cars are manœuvring at some distance, and the train cannot start until they have arrived. The impatient passengers leave their cars. Immediately the inspectors are upon them, stop them, and draw up a formal report against them. Leaving the train is prohibited by the regulations."

And so on. The story could be continued *ad infinitum*. It was a lively experience for the Italian railway men. And it is a fine example of sabotage without violence.

Sabotage may, however, assume more violent forms. To force employers to terms those who believe in Direct Action will

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not stop before damaging or even destroying the machinery of production. The reasoning of the Direct Actionists may seem questionable, but it is dictated by a bitter feeling fostered by a bitter experience. If the machine, argue they, is here only to enslave us and to keep us below the standard of a decent living, then down with machinery and capitalistic enterprise. It should be well borne in mind, however, that no damage to the person and life of employers is contemplated.

But sabotage is not considered by the apostles of Direct Action as the only efficacious or even the most appropriate means of struggle. It is the solidarity of the workers that is of decisive importance. This solidarity is fostered by the industrial form of organization and is strengthened by open and energetic strikes. The larger the scope of a strike, the more workers it involves, the surer its success and the greater its organizing and educating value for the working-men.

The labor struggles carried on in the spirit of Direct Action are, therefore, quite different in character from the labor disputes characteristic of Trades Unionism. The latter generally tried to foster a spirit of harmony between employers and employees, to get along peaceably and to settle differences of wages or hours of work by means of arbitration and conciliation. The advocates of Direct Action value the struggle itself no less than the result obtained. They want an increase of wages as a result of increased combative energies; shorter hours of work, as a consequence of greater moral aspirations on the part of the working-men. They are anxious to keep up the readiness of the workers for defence and aggression and this is why they repudiate long-time contracts with employers. They do not want to bind their hands for any length of time, in order to be able to take up a fight whenever a good opportunity presents itself. As to the concessions won, they are convinced that only their readiness and ability to fight for their rights will protect them against the encroachments of employers.

What is this all for? Why spend so much energy for such things as an increase in wages and the like? Could not the same results be obtained with much less trouble in a smooth, quiet way?

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The questions are pertinent because they lead us into the wider outlook of those whose faith is pinned to Direct Action. The underlying ideas of Direct Action already point to something that is larger and of greater consequence than a mere increase of wages by a few cents or the shortening of the working week by a few minutes. A united class cherishing a feeling of class-solidarity must evidently have a common aim which should stir the collective soul of the class and give the thrill which alone may keep alive its class-enthusiasm. Such a common aim cannot be the mere desire of obtaining a few concessions here and there, in one trade or another; it must be some general ideal, involving the working class as a whole and affecting economic life in its entirety.

Such an ideal there is, and in its general outlines it surpasses almost any conception of social transformation that has been recently evolved by the human mind. It is the ideal of a new society, which would consist exclusively of voluntary economic associations carrying on the activities of production in their industry and subject only to the general control of society as a whole. Imagine a Miners' Federation managing the mining industry of the country, a Builders' Federation taking charge of the building operations, a Railway Federation regulating the railway service; imagine these Federations to be constituted of local labor associations charged with the management of exclusively local affairs subject to the control of their Federation; imagine local central associations giving their attention to matters of a general local character, and finally imagine a National Federation of Labor, attending to industrial matters, national in scope and importance,and you have the picture of an economic federation which is inspiring the advocates of Direct Action in no less a degree than our forefathers were inspired by the grand idea of political federation.

Many questions might be asked about the possibility or desirability of this ideal, which it is impossible to go into here. It is necessary, however, to call attention to the fundamental difference between this ideal and any other which involves governmental regulation—whether expounded by a Progressive Republican or by a Socialist. The experience with our politicians

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has filled many of us with horror for the idea of governmental regulation, which would, probably, lead us to an era of economic inefficiency surpassing even our political indecency. But the politicians are put out of the economic-federal ideal described above. With every man in a certain economic group doing his share of productive work, with every group managing its own affairs, no room is left for men who know everything about anything but that which is intrusted to them. A new era of expert public service would be inaugurated where every man would be expected to be a specialist in some thing and to do his share of the work of society in that field alone in which he is an expert.

But this ideal presupposes the transformation of private property into collective property; it means Social Revolution—does it not? It certainly does. The advocates of Direct Action do not deny it nor are they afraid of the tremendous social change they are looking forward to; they are convinced that the industrial unions now organized by them will grow and spread and gradually growing in power will finally oust the employers from business. A time will come—and these men see the moment not so far away in the future—when the organized labor unions, conscious of their strength and determination, will say to their employers: "Now, look here, gentlemen! You have been enjoying life for quite some time at our expense. You have been getting dividends that we were making. Maybe, you were in some way useful before, but now we are going to manage affairs ourselves. We know the business all right. We can work the mines, run the machines, weave the cloth, run the railways, etc., and we are going to do it. Your time of bossing it has come to an end. If you wish to be useful, come into our union and take your place beside us in the shops. We shall treat you as brothers, and you shall have your equal share of what we all produce."

Such is the philosophy of Direct Action. The term Syndicalism would probably be more descriptive. But Direct Action is the central and most characteristic part of syndicalism, and lines running from it as from a starting point lead one into all directions until the entire ground of the syndicalist philosophy has been covered.

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What is the significance of all these ideas and what is their strength? Might they not be simply foam on the surface of a swelling tide, which will inevitably break against the solid shore?

Let those who wish peace for their souls at any price think that it is so. But those who are eager to penetrate into the social movement of our times will not content themselves with a shrug of the shoulders, intended to shake off a disturbing idea. They will surely make an effort for themselves to understand the conditions resulting in such movements. In fact, the mind and heart of the world have been too strongly impressed by recent events to fall into lethargy so soon. But only a collective effort can possibly solve the problem of the profound social unrest of our days. To one man nothing more is given than to throw some light on the subject, and this alone is attempted in the following lines:

Two fundamental facts must be grasped, if the recent labor struggles are to be understood. The first is what may be called the democratic movement in the world of labor. There is a democratic movement there just as there is an onward movement in political democracy. In both spheres the character of the movement is the same. It is simply an increase in the numbers of those who want to have their share of the good things of the world. Mere numbers may not seem of consequence at first blush, but it is a tremendous dynamic factor. Greater numbers spell readjustment, new forms of organization, new methods and new ideas. Direct democracy, as is well known, had to give way before representative democracy on account of the larger populations of modern States. Even in the inorganic world a mere increase of mass leads to important changes in the activities of a body.

In the world of labor the democratic movement could not but have grave consequences. As stated above, the earlier Trades Unions were to a large extent privileged bodies. They grouped mostly the skilled working-men of the trades, who alone benefited by their organization. The large mass of the working-men shared but little, if at all, in the so-called conquests of labor, and the latter resulted in the formation of an "Aristocracy of Labor." But in recent years a movement of the laboring

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mass below against the aristocracy above began. Ever larger numbers of working-men began to pour into the unions, breaking down the old barriers. New sections of the working class—the lowliest sections, such as the dockers—began to form their organizations. Inevitably the skilled workers began to be swamped in the mass of less and less skilled, with the result that ideas suited for a comparatively small body of highly skilled working-men began to give way before new ideas, which sprang up in a large onward-pressing mass of the less skilled.

The other fact to be borne in mind is the growth of organization among the employers. No one need now dwell on the gigantic organizations of the big capitalists. In comparison with them the biggest Trades Unions of the old type with all the millions in their treasuries are but like pygmies beside a giant. The dwarfs may have courage and fighting spirit, but their fighting powers are broken. Their attempts to crush the giant only call forth a smile on his greedy lips. As a matter of fact within the last decade or so the Trades Unions of the old type have found it more and more difficult to win a strike by their old-time methods. Their largest treasuries gave out and they were compelled to give in to the employers, whose obstinacy was nourished by their powerful money-bags.

But this world of ours is a world of struggle. No sooner has one method of struggle been played out than a new one puts in its appearance. The Trades Unions of the old type have not gone yet and they hope to stay for a long time to come. But their efficiency does not suit the new conditions, and new organizations working with new methods have begun to make headway. The near future, no doubt, will see the growth of Industrial Unionism and the accentuation of the policy of Direct Action, because the former is necessary in order to embrace the increasing mass which wants to be unionized, while the latter is the only method of struggle which can be handled by a large mass of less skilled workers whose treasuries are ridiculously small in comparison with the funds of the employers and whose only weapons, therefore, are solidarity, energetic pressure, and enthusiastic determination.

The new movement calls also for new leaders. The Trades

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Unions of the old type needed leaders who were mainly systematic, patient, pliant and diplomatic. Such leaders could see that the treasuries grew, that employers were not needlessly exasperated, and that as much as possible was obtained through lobbying and negotiating. But the New Unionism needs leaders of another type. It calls for men of action, for men whose word burns, whose appeal inspires, whose example moves. The most interesting fact in the recent strikes in England was the open distrust of the leaders of the old type. The masses felt that they were not fit for the occasion. The new conditions must bring forth a new type of leader, powerful, inspiring, and heroic.

Such leaders, however, must be men with large visions and with high social ideals. No one can be stirred to heroic deeds by petty aims. The main ambition of the old-type labor leaders was to obtain some improvement, however small, here and there. The new labor leader with his vast energies and profound emotions can be stirred to his activities only by some such ideal as that described above. He must feel that his devotion and heroism are creating something great and grand and of profound significance to mankind as a whole.

This is why the leaders in the recent struggles, the apostles of Direct Action, are whole-hearted industrial socialists in the broad sense of the term. They are syndicalists who work for a transformation of society on new principles and who are convinced that the only way to accomplish this transformation is through an energetic, well-organized and class-conscious unionism.

Such are in general outlines the new ideas which are forcing their way into social life and the conditions which have brought forth these ideas. The masses are invading economic as well as political life and are rearranging matters to suit themselves. They find their leaders who are ready to supply them with philosophy, stimulus and example. The seriousness of the movement cannot be doubted. Those who see in it danger to themselves have already given the familiar warning: *Caveat consules!* But is it not proper that those who wish to stem the torrent should first try to find out what is its depth, what its kinetic energy, and wherefrom its gushing fury?

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THE SCHOOL AND THE FEMININE IDEAL

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

I

PLUTARCH says "Lycurgus resolved the whole business of the State into the bringing up of youth"; the modern Demos is resolving the whole business of society into the education of all persons young and old. The problem of problems in democracy is how to grow people fit for such forms both of self-direction and of social adaptability as this way of living demands. The essence of this interior problem of democracy inheres in the woman question; in that most puzzling of all applications of the democratic principle, namely, how to secure to women full individual development and yet hold them obedient to the large demand of society for service from human beings of the mother-sex. This is the deeper necessity below all superficial questions of women's alignment with the modern political mechanism.

So far in the history of social advance the social responsibility of women has never been shirked by the majority of the sex or ignored by any intellectual or moral leadership. The obligation laid upon women to carry on from generation to generation the sacred vessels of life with contents unstained and unspilled (by their hands at least) and at any personal cost to themselves has been enforced by every religion and has been an accepted element of every code of morals. The common idealism has always demanded of women that at any price of sacrifice of personal ambition, even in the case of genius itself, their chief devotion be given to the family life and through that family life to the State and society. And whatever may be charged against average womanhood in the past or in the present, whatever of smallness of nature or selfishness of action as relates to the world at large, the charge can never be truthfully made that they have failed to give their utmost, such as it has been, to the business with which they have been specially charged. Women have come down through the ages bearing double bur-

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dens: the burden of sustaining their own lives that they might be of use, and the burden of sustaining their offspring that the social fabric might not rudely end. This long service has created a feminine ideal of sacrifice and patient devotion to the welfare of others which has ruled human thought and action. This ideal makes the poet of the Middle Ages say: "Man is made to achieve; and woman is made to appreciate the achievement, and to receive its fruits, and transmit them to the future." This ideal gave us the aphorism of Swedenborg, the most spiritual of the older contrasts between the masculine and the feminine excellence: "Man was created to be the understanding of truth; and woman was created to be the affection of good." These and similar sayings give clear indication of the common conception of a positive attitude of man toward achievement and personal development, and of a negative attitude of woman toward all individualized activity. This is epitomized in the two declarations: "History is the biography of great men"; and "That is the happiest woman who has no history."

It must be remembered, however, that aristocracy in government limited the attainment of this masculine ideal to a few men at the top of life's opportunities. It was not until the eighteenth century declaration of a universal right and a universal capacity that man, as man, was included in this masculine ideal. The essence of democracy is its assertion that every human being should so respect himself and should be so respected in his own personality that he should have opportunity equal to that of every other human being to "show what he was meant to become." Very slowly has come even partial application of that inner spirit of democracy to women. Class after class of men has emerged from the obscurity of subservience and ignorance and class-registration to the freedom and dignity of individuality, leaving behind their women with their children, As, however, it began to be increasingly perceived that a democratic order of society must be the outgrowth of a democratic family, it began also to be seen that a democratic family must have two "heads" instead of one alone. Thus it came to pass that the most vital element in democratic society, namely, an equal opportunity for education, began to be considered a right of women as of men.

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At first, as was natural, it was not the right of women as human beings needing self-development for their own purposes of growth that won the opportunity of education; it was rather because the democratic State needed common schools, and women as the natural teachers of the race must go out from the hearthside training of children into the more formal and better organized system of modern education. The first reasons were, therefore, those of social thrift rather than of justice to women, as was shown so obviously in the inauguration of normal schools. As a distinguished gentleman said, when urging an appropriation for a State normal school before a legislative committee (in the fifties of the nineteenth century): "Gentlemen, we have all observed the fine manner in which the best and most cultivated women are educating their own children, and by utilizing this gift of women we may put two females in every school to teach at half the price we now pay one inferior male." On that basis women entered their first educational opportunity above the grammar grades and "female finishing school."

This small crumb of education, and the opening of high schools and academies of a better grade, together with the industrial changes wrought by the invention of power-driven machinery, combined to make it more and more clear that women must be counted in as persons, as well as a class of social servants, and must "emerge," along with all other submerged "masses," into individuality. Democracy means the liberation and development of a wider and wider range of human power. When democracy touched the feminine ideal it began "to suffer a sea change into something new and strange." It began to be seen that the incapacity to have a "history" or to contribute to history might not be the supreme and only excellence in women. It began to be perceived that much power of achievement in women waited for the liberation of opportunity, as was the case in the restricted classes of men. The feminine ideal began to include not only ability to meet the demands of a social function, but capacity to share as a person in the larger life of the world of thought and of action. Then came, in a rush of practical answer to the demands of this new ideal, the opening of colleges and universities and technical schools to women, and

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the entrance of prepared women, not without friction and cruel suffering in many cases, but the successful entrance of women into the learned professions. The upmost reach, both in attainment and in security, in this educational opportunity for women is shown to-day in the United States in the coëducational State universities. These both crown our democratic system of free schools for the people, and also guarantee, past all whim of change, the right of women to equal schooling with men.

Women, as a matter of course, were at first admitted to institutions of higher learning, which had in all cases been fitted for men, and the demands of social life upon men; and they had to join on as best they might, whether the orders of the educational leaders made it easy or hard for them to keep step. Women, however, began to go to college just at the moment when education itself was entering upon the most profound transformation to which any system of inherited ideal and practice has ever been subjected. The culture of the schools of the past, the "liberal education" of the colleges, was intended for a select class of people who were to be "leaders." The type has been correctly defined as "classic"; which word in educational fields signifies far more than the learning of Greek and Latin. It means also, and more vitally, a system of education fibred upon a conception of education as the need of only a small class in the community. This classic education was intended for the training of ministers, lawyers, doctors, librarians, writers, and teachers in college. All technical preparation for work, even in these vocations, was left to apprenticeship to masters in the several arts; the training was, therefore, wholly "general."

In the nineteenth century a terrible iconoclast entered the Temples of Learning, and right and left he knocked the ancient gods off their pedestals. His name we call Science. Then commenced a vast enlargement of the curriculum. Then it began to be said "that no man could be truly educated who knew nothing of the Universe in which he lived or of the Facts that this new teacher bade us worship as the 'God of things as they are.'" Then the new teacher turned his attention from destroying ancient idols to serving as a magician of practical utility; and "pure science" joined forces with "applied science" to revo-

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lutionize the world of material and industrial and artistic effort. Then the practical American people began to say: "If it is right for us to spend the people's money for the education of ministers and lawyers and doctors, of writers, statesmen and teachers, it is right for us to spend the people's money also for the training of leaders in scientific achievement, for securing higher efficiency in industries, for the perfecting of mechanic arts, for the development of every form of human endeavor and the perfection of every sort of human ability, the outcome of which may be of social value." Then began the struggle between the classicists and the scientists, the end of which is not yet. Women, be it noted, came into the opportunity of higher education just at the moment when "the still air of delightful studies" was being rudely assailed by the voices of these disputants, each standing for the new or the old in college ideal. "New people," those who are just "arriving," are always most conservative and orthodox because least secure of their position; and hence the women's colleges at first gave, and many of them still give, most loyal adherence to the classic "faith once delivered to the (educational) saints." Not for worlds would some of them open their curriculum to questionable scientific courses on the same terms with mathematics, languages and the other inherited "courses leading to a degree."

The State universities, as was natural for the people's schools, first began to give full response to the people's needs that education should be democratized along with governmental forms. The charge of "utilitarianism" brought against the enlarged vocational tendencies of the modernized college and university is quite absurd, when we consider that all the old classic education was distinctly a preparation for a few vocations. The only difference is that we are now trying to fit for many, instead of few vocations, and for a range of vocations which takes in others than those of distinctly literary nature. Very few people have ever been to college just "for the fun of it." They went in the past to get ready for leadership along lines defined by the then social need. They will go more and more to get ready for the vastly wider range of leadership that the present and the future social need defines.

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In the rapid changes in curriculum induced by this movement for the democratizing of higher education the "special needs of women" began to be discussed, and efforts began to be made for supplying those needs in so far as they appeared clear to the educational leadership. The new feminine ideal, with its double demand both for women as developed persons, and for women as serviceable functionaries in the family life, began to write itself out in courses of study. The still widespread and dense confusion of mind as to which element in the feminine ideal should have first place and which should have right of way in preparation for life has made the whole approach to education for girls and women a confused and awkward process.

Beginning with the general needs of all little girls we at once, as in all elements of the "woman problem," reach into the deep places of the "human problem." The school and the feminine ideal are a part of "education and the higher life." This fact makes the present confusion as to the basic reasons for sending girls to college, or for giving them High School education, or even for letting them learn the alphabet (which is quite a new thing in social economy), and gives us amusing as well as aggravating "remarks" by distinguished gentlemen at educational functions. The common phrase respecting the introduction of courses in "household science and art," in "domestic economy," etc., is: "We do this to make women better wives and mothers and more efficient home-makers." The inference is that these two aims are identical. Incidentally this may be true, fundamentally it cannot. Wifehood and motherhood, like husbandhood and fatherhood, are spiritual experiences and the expressions of personal character. They test and discipline and develop human nature; but only a fine individual can be a really good husband or wife, father or mother. That a woman is the "best housekeeper in the neighborhood" does not, therefore, guarantee that she is a comfortable and charming wife, or that her children "rise up to call her blessed." That a man is a "good provider" and a success in his chosen field of work is no proof at all that he is a desirable husband or a good example for his sons to follow. Moreover, the character of the home life does not inhere in the variety of domestic

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occupations carried on in the home nor even in the skill shown in those occupations. Were this the case we should have poorer homes now than we used to have when every woman had to make her own "tallow dips." In a large area of life the contrary of this is true; we have better homes for not having them so largely shops and factories. How much of the shop and factory now left in the home is yet to be taken out of it in the process of industrial organization, no one can now tell. But this we know, the world is getting impatient of all slipshod, inefficient work in any field, and all the work that is done in the household, whether much or little, must become standardized.

Meanwhile the confusion of thought that lumps together all forms of domestic science courses of study, from the elementary school to the university, as "fitting for wifehood and motherhood," must be resolved into some clearness. Girls do not need to spend the time of a four years' college course in order to learn what an average housemaid "picks up" without the least attempt to understand the science of her art. "General housework" for a family of two to five does not require such a lengthy preparation as elaborate college courses imply. When the college takes hold of the matters involved, *they become specialties of vocational training for highly paid positions in professional life;* they do not remain mere helps toward a more efficient care of the private household. What happens to farming when the university takes hold of it? It separates into departments of study; study of soils, of varied theories and processes that make of this ancient and general art a variety of sciences and business careers. What happens to "general housework" when the college takes hold of it? It becomes cooking that fits for a dietician's specialty or a teacher's chair; it becomes applied art, landscape gardening, interior decoration, inspectorships of trade conditions for the benefit of the consumer, trained nursing and hospital management;—all manner of specialized vocations by which competent women earn a living and obtain a good position in the professional world. Your "splendid housekeeper" becomes a sanitary expert, and expends upon a community that energy which so often in the past has made

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husband and children so unhappy! Your woman of exceptional taste and desire for lovely things, whom fate has so often married to a man more appreciative than wealthy, has now a chance to spend much money of other people for beautiful objects which they could not select for themselves; and is thereby made happy even if personally restricted in purse. Your "natural-born nurse" who loves to fuss about invalids, and has so often in the past either annoyed or spoiled her own family according to their temperament, has now her chance to care for the wards of society in a large institution. Your big-hearted, sympathetic helper who formerly engaged in philanthropy at any cost of character to her beneficiaries has now an opportunity to become a "social worker" under leadership that fits her work, however personal and ameliorative, into the general needs of social progress. All this is very fine and helpful to women and to society alike; but extended courses along the lines leading to these specialties of vocation are not essential to, and do not specifically lead toward, that simple all-round training and practice in the fundamentals of housekeeping which are required by, or can be used to the full by, the average housemother.

Unaware of the significance of this fact, however, the educational authorities for the most part go on blindly mixing all manner of vocational training for girls in one indiscriminate mass, and applying any part of that new educational advantage where it is possible to tack it on regardless of any logical plan. For the little children up to the end of the elementary school we rest back upon a little "sewing and cooking" for girls, a little "woodwork" and "use of tools" for boys; in the high school we match the boys' "forge" against the girls' "millinery and art"; and we are beginning to start trade-schools for girls as well as for boys when we fully realize that girls as well as boys must earn their living in the modern shop or factory. The general course, however, in all meetings devoted to vocational training, industrial education and the like is for learned people to talk several days about trade-teaching and work-efficiency for boys and men, and then lamely add at the end of their addresses, "and girls," without any clear idea of what should be done with and for girls. The basic fact of the present vocational divide

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in the life of the average woman is neither perceived nor stated and therefore, of course, the solution of it cannot be given.

There are three divisions in the problem of the education of girls and women, and its solution waits for clearer apprehension of the significance of those divisions. There is first the preparation of all girls along the general lines that will fit them for all-round efficiency in relation either to their personal needs or to their special social function as women. There is, second, the definite preparation for some trade or specialty of work which will enable them to earn their living in a suitable and morally safe manner, of all girls who must begin to earn money as soon as society considers them physically, mentally and morally fit to do so. This period is now set generally at the ages between fourteen and sixteen. There is, third, the preparation for social leadership which the girl requires who is either to marry and maintain a home which may be a centre of light and direction in the community, or who, if remaining single, or if married continuing individual work, will occupy a position in some one of the learned professions. In all three of these divisions the double motive of the modern feminine ideal, namely, to grow persons of self-directing power, and to develop social serviceableness, must be held firmly in mind.

The first division of girls, by far the largest and hence the division that social well-being demands should have first attention, is that division who must get their chief preparation for the exigencies of life in the elementary school; sometimes supplemented by the first year or two in the high school. Whatever the average woman needs most, therefore, must be put into the home and school training that the average girl can get before the ages of fourteen to sixteen years. The pathology of women's wage-earning at the present stage of industrial organization convinces us that we must have the specialized training for self-support needed alike by the girl who must "get her working papers" as soon as the law allows, and by the girl who can prepare through years of leisurely training for an advanced position in professional life. The pathology of labor conditions in general, and the whole range of philanthropic study

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and effort, show that the ability to provide a comfortable household into which to put that home-life that is needed for social well-being demands from men far more versatility and more independent power, more capacity to rise above adverse circumstances and more ability to take advantage of favoring chances, than the average man now shows. The same pathological elements of the modern industrial order, the same needs of the household and the home, prove that women, the average common run of women, need two sorts of preparation for life, to be early acquired and to be more thoroughly acquired than is now the case; namely, the preparation for home demands and the preparation for self-support.

If, then, we accept it as fact that the vocational divide in women's lives constitutes a permanent obstruction to wholly uninterrupted vocational work and must make the approach of women to specialized labor always double, not single, her constancy to any pursuit being always conditioned upon her occasional, often her lengthy and exhausting, devotion to making whole people instead of manufacturing particular products of human activity, the school must prepare for both exigencies of vocation and prepare for them in proper sequence.

If women in general, especially women of the poorer classes, must have this double approach to vocational work, namely, that of wage-earner until marriage and then, if continuing to earn, requiring, for their own health, the well-being of their children and the good of the family, special arrangement of industry suited to their special needs, and if they may usually serve best by acting simply as house-mothers, it seems clear that, under present conditions, skill and capacity in domestic work are needed by the majority of women. These qualities and attainments of the successful house-mother are not now sufficiently developed for the majority of girls by domestic training in the home. The average conditions of city life, indeed, make it almost impossible to secure adequate domestic training in the private house. Moreover, the changes in our population, the incursion of vast numbers of an immigrant population ignorant of much that our present civilization requires for health, cleanliness and comfort, create an imperative demand for standardizing domestic training.

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The public school is the only medium by which a common standard of the requisite intelligence can be taught.

Whatever extension of specialization there may yet be in women's work, we now need a modern school substitute for the old-fashioned household training to fit the average girl, especially in large cities, for the demand which the average lot makes upon the average woman, which it is clear is the power to make and maintain a healthful, tidy, thrifty, comfortable family life in a private home. For this we must have not a school-study simply, if we are to rely upon the school for this training; we need a school *practice* that may develop a fixed habit, that may become a "second nature." Moreover, the domestic power that the average woman needs most, and often needs for the longest period of serviceableness, must be gained *first* if it is to prove for life an easy mastery of domestic skill. It must be planted deep in the primary centres of developing power in childhood itself. The reason for this is both pedagogical and social; pedagogical in that the processes required are general, with large sweep of activity and yet with personal interest and direct relation to easily understood personal wants. Socially, because these activities connect the consciousness immediately with the first social groups to which allegiance of service should be won from the child, namely, the family and the school.

On the other hand, the specialized earning power which all women need, and which the poorer classes of women must have for self-protection, should be gained *second,* if it is to secure a successful entrance into the field of organized industry. The reason for this is also both pedagogical and social; social because trade-teaching and definite preparation for specific professions require intellectual alignment with the larger groups of industry, the State and society, and hence belong to a later development of social consciousness; pedagogically because the attainment of perfection in one process means a longer and harder devotion of study to that process than suits the child. It is for the period of youth to learn how to do one thing well. It is for the period of childhood to linger on each process of activity only so long as its educational value continues to inspire interest. It is for the youth to learn that he is a part of the larger social

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whole. It is for the child to know how he is related to, and may be a helpful part of, the family and the school.

If these things be true, then our course is clear as to the sequence of industrial training for girls. First, in the elementary school, a genuine, not a make-believe, apprenticeship in simple domestic arts, such as the simple housekeeping of the ordinary family requires. Cooking, washing, ironing, setting and serving table, buying judiciously right kinds of foods, getting to know by constant use (rather than by charts on the walls) the right kinds and preparation of foods for health, strength and pleasure of taste; all this is needed by the average woman-head of a family. All this fits in with the average little girl's liking to do real things and can be accomplished in effective training before the ordinary girl is 14 to 16 years old. "Domestic science," fitting for the profession of dietician, or matron of an institution, or teacher, may be properly left for the high school and the colleges. But, before there was a "household science," there was a "domestic art," and it is that art in its simplest forms that the average girl needs to "get by heart" in a constant drill of "learning by doing" such as the old-fashioned home supplied. How, in the universal sense now demanded, and with a uniform standard of excellence and a scientific background to meet health requirements, may this art be acquired, to some extent at least through the public school, not as a substitute for, but in addition to the home training? How give a constant drill in domestic art in a school-house? The answer seems easy. We are engaged in a crusade against preventable disease. This leads us to see that under-feeding or bad feeding of school children is a physiological sin. Some say give school lunches to those children who need more or better food; others object on the ground of possible pauperization. The answer to this new demand for better nourishment of children seems to be educational rather than charitable. The need of schoolgirls is for constant practice in domestic arts. The daily lunch at school, directed by competent teachers, but *furnishing real work under sense of responsibility for actual results,* would provide the ideal pedagogical method of such training. Why not thus combine the two needs?

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Again, we are demanding more "fresh air" schooling, and more outdoor activity for boys and girls. We are demanding also a longer school day, and a longer school year, as necessary to give proper life-fitting for children obliged to leave day school at the end, or even before the end, of the grades,—and for all children, many believe, in view of the enlarged curriculum. These needs all point to the possible municipal use of vacant lands for "school gardens," to a possible and needed training of boys in raising the raw material of food, for use by the municipal schools at the midday school lunches which that longer school day would make necessary. If our boys and girls from 10 to 14 years old in the grade schools could thus live over again in actual experience of daily work, safeguarded from fatigue and guided by the best instruction, *the basic training of the race in getting sustenance from the soil and in converting raw material into food, shelter, clothing and comfort,* they would be able to face the modern world of specialized industry without fear of the tyranny of greed or the weakness of ignorance. Secure against adverse circumstances in the power of mastery over primitive processes to meet primitive needs, the working-man and the working-woman could never be "slaves." There is every economic, every social, every pedagogical, every health reason for giving our boys simple agriculture, our girls simple domestic art, in the grade school instruction; and this in an apprenticeship, an actual long-continued, constantly repeated process-activity.

This is not suggested as an attempt to divide children into social classes. Far from it. The elementary school should give the universal elements of education, the things all boys and girls need most to learn. Many of us believe that the basic historic occupations of the human race indicated above have a universal educational value and, therefore, should be in all the lower schools. Simple use of tools required in many and varied manual activities may well be added to the industrial training of boys and girls alike, in the upper grades of the elementary schools, in order to make "handy" men and women.

For all this educational demand for girls and boys alike, there is a deeper than an economic, a broader than a vocational basis. We have come to understand that, in some sense at least,

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the child epitomizes the life of the race; and that, therefore, his training for society must embrace in right sequence the stages of human advance. We have begun to see that, as the race has learned by doing, the child's education must be centred around activity, ordered to ends of growing power of self-expression. We have begun to see that useful work within his scope of physical and mental power is a supreme interest to the healthy child and if not allowed to tire or become monotonous constitutes, by that interest, his chosen play. Moreover, we have become uneasy concerning an industrial system that makes the average manual worker seem a mere attachment to the machine and that so ties him to a small part of a vast labor process, whose plan he cannot control and whose ends he cannot see, that he loses all creative joy in his work. We bemoan the helplessness of the man whose labor has been snatched from his hand by a new invention or who has become prematurely aged by trying to make human nerve and muscle keep up with iron and steel. We play at arts and crafts "revivals" and make fruitless appeals for a return to the time when a worker controlled both the material and the process of his labor and could better than now use his intelligence and character as part of his stock in trade. Yet in our talk of "vocational training" for better work-efficiency, how seldom do we recall the basic fact that the manual worker of to-day must know not only how to do some one thing well, but also have power of adaptability to shift his effort to some other labor, should swift industrial changes take away or wholly transform the work he first learned to do! Nor is the helplessness of a specialist in the grasp of personal or social crises of change confined to the manual laborer; it is characteristic as well of the commercial or scientific, the professional man or artist who faces in mid-life or old age a need for doing for self-support a new thing, or an old thing in a new way. The man of to-day does not, indeed, like the woman of to-day, face a vocational divide when he marries and has children; but he would often be advantaged by some avocation to balance his intense vocational specialty; and he often stands in dire need of an economic refuge from the tyranny of greed and custom and the vicissitudes of industrial change. The education of every boy, therefore, ought

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to provide adequate "first aid to the injured" in economic accidents; and the education of every girl ought to offer a safe and easy bridge over the vocational divide between the obligations of the spinster and of the house-mother by making her more easily proficient in fulfilling both functions. These fundamental occupations of the human race, which underlie all other labor and which can alone give true independence in life-choices to the average man and woman, offer the only forms of manual training suited to the demands of an education fibred upon "learning by doing" adapted to children between the kindergarten and the high school years. Such forms of manual training as they offer alone present to the childish imagination a glimpse of a "whole life." Such forms of manual training alone hold the factory and shop at decent distance from the little child, and connect the public school with the private home instead of with the market place, with the out-of-doors instead of with the congested city. Such forms of manual training alone place in the foreground that all-round "faculty" of the alert and adaptable person who is equally at home on a "prairie schooner" and in a vast city, and equally master of fate in an ebb or a flood of fortune.

We have much ado now to keep the wheels of the factory from drowning the songs of the kindergarten and in preserving even the first years of childhood from the narrowing influence of "vocational differentiations" in the primary school. This, therefore, does not seem a good time to be trying a wholly new experiment in social advance by making both parents specialists all the time!

"We want not thinkers, but men thinking," says Emerson. Still more we want, not workers, but men and women working. A machine-dominated age of all others must make a stand in the home and in the school for the values of a free and broad approach to life, historically and rationally, as an indispensable preliminary to the specialized drill for the technique of some one element in machine-dominated labor.

Unless we are looking forward to an industrial despotism in which life itself will be wholly subordinate to the means of living, we may well ground the child in the activities that have

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served and may still serve the whole race, before we teach him how to "walk a tight rope" of infinitesimal specialization. Moreover, the labor war in which we are now plunged, a war whose bitterness grows more and more intense, will not be fully won in the interests of a wage-earning class whose futile weapons of resistance to intrenched wealth are but the hunger-driven "strike" or the desperate dynamiter. *More individual capacity in all the range of common life can,* in the long run, alone compel a juster sharing of the profits won by individual capacity. By the same token, the full and balanced freedom and power of women will never be attained by those among them who are dependent upon others for all manner of personal services, any more than by those among them whose purse is so held by another hand that their very souls are mortgaged. The vocational divide in the lives of modern women, therefore, epitomizes and makes dramatic the great struggle of spiritual democracy, the struggle to grow full and unique personality and at the same time to conserve social solidarity. Repetition on these points is justified by the confusion of mind above noted.

The second division of girls, namely, those who must receive vocational preparation for manual work in shop or factory, for clerical positions in office or counting-room or for assistant positions in such personal service as they may be able and willing to enter, and who must get this vocational training as early as possible in order to earn their living when still under eighteen years of age, is next in importance of numbers and need. The social propriety of giving this industrial education to girls is very nearly conceded even by conservatives in education. It is becoming clear that since girls are doing the work which young women have always done between the period of formal schooling and marriage, they must in the new industrial conditions learn how to do this useful work in the manner now demanded. The trade school for girls has entered the field of education and it has come to stay. It is not yet, however, adequately correlated with the rest of the schooling which girls receive, and there are sad duplications and sadder chasms in the education of which the trade school is but a part. Some time we shall be wise enough, both in the interest of boys and of girls, to work out a general

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plan of education which will fit for no one class condition exclusively or demand that one know in advance just what one wants to do in order to get the best of the school opportunity. Some time we shall be able better than now to determine what elements of education are so universal that all children must have them, what so specialized that only certain classes need them, and how to fit the specialized elements of training into the general scheme in order that the same person can profit by both equally. Meanwhile, as we stumble along, in a few experiment stations of the new education an industrial training is now given to girls which tends toward the general home usefulness outlined above, and which gives that tendency at the early period when it is most required. Where this is being attempted with any success it is already clearly seen that such process-activity is a valuable central interest around which to group arithmetic, language, the art-side of education, history, and ethical suggestions of self-control and social usefulness as well. Just in the same way agriculture in its simple forms, and the care of domestic animals, has already proved a master interest in the early training of boys, around which to correlate all the studies of the elementary school.

Meanwhile, also, the growing attention to trade-teaching and vocational preparation of girls for self-support has started currents in education which, when not confused (as they so often are) by leaving until too late a period the general process-activity which leads toward domestic life, promise to make it vastly easier for all girls to earn their living in better ways, under better conditions, and for better pay, within a generation of American life.

[*To be continued*]

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THE UNDERLYING SELF

EDWARD CARPENTER

ADMITTING the great probability of the existence of an after-death state, and of a survival of some kind, the question arises: Is that survival in any sense personal or individual? or does it belong to some, so to speak, formless region, either below or above personality? It is conceivable, of course, that there may be survival of the outer and beggarly elements of the mind, below personality; or it is conceivable that the deepest and most central core of the man may survive, far beyond and above personality; but in either case the *individual* existence may not continue. The eternity of the All-soul or Self of the universe is, I take it, a basic fact. That being granted, it follows that if the soul of each human being roots down ultimately into that All-self, the core of each soul *must* partake of the eternal nature. But as far as it does so it *may* be beyond all reach or remembrance or recognition of personality.

Such a conclusion—whatever force of conviction may accompany it—is certainly not altogether satisfactory. I remember that once—in the course of conversation with a lady on this very subject—she remarked that though she thought there would be a future life she did not believe in the continuance of individuality. "What do you believe in, then?" said I. "Oh," she replied, "I think we shall be a sort of Happy Mass!" And I have always since remembered that expression.

But though the idea of a happy mass has its charms, it does not, as I say, quite satisfy either our feelings or our intelligence. There is a desire for something more, and there is a perception that differentiation and individuation represent a great law—a law so great as probably to extend even to the ultimate modes of Being. And though a vague generality of this kind cannot stand in the place of strict reasoning or observation, it may make us feel that personal survival is at any rate possible, and that a certain amount of speculation on the subject is legitimate.

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At the same time we have to bear in mind that the subject altogether is a very complex one, and that we have to move only slowly, if we want to move forward at all, and to avoid having to retrace our steps. We must not too serenely assume, for instance, that we at all know what we are! The constitution of the human being is sufficiently complicated in its successive planes of development. Yet we have to remember that—at least on the two middle planes, those of the human soul and the animal soul—there is another subdivision to be made, namely, between that part which is conscious and that which is only subconscious; so that further complications inevitably arise. We may not only have to consider which of these planes may possibly carry survival with it, but again, whether such survival may be in the conscious region, or only in the subliminal or subconscious. I shall confine myself chiefly to a consideration of the subliminal or underlying portion of the self, and it will be seen that that is probably of immense extent and variety of content compared with the surface or conscious portion; but it will also be seen that there is no strict line of demarcation between the two, and that a continual interchange between them is taking place, so that for the present, at any rate, it is safest to give the word "self" its widest scope and make it include both portions and every mental faculty, rather than limit its application.

In attacking the subject, then, of the survival of the Self, I suppose our first question ought to be: What is the test of survival, what do we mean by it? And to this, I imagine, the answer is, continuity of consciousness. This would seem to be the only satisfying definition. Consciousness is necessary in some form or other, as the base and evidence of our existence; and continuity in some degree is also necessary, in order to link our experiences together, as it were into one chain. Continuity, however, need not be absolute. The chain of consciousness may apparently be broken by sleep, or it may be broken by a dose of chloroform, or by a blow on the head; but it may be re-knit and resumed. It may pass from the supraliminal state to the subliminal, and again emerge on the surface. It may even be discontinuous; but as long as Memory bridges the intervals we get

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the *sense* of continuity of life or personality.* Supposing a body of memories—of life say in some village of ancient Egypt—suddenly opened up in one's mind, as vivid and consistent and enduring as one's ordinary memory of childhood days, it would be natural to conclude that one really had pre-existed in that village; it would be difficult not to make that inference. And similarly if at some future time, and in far other than our present surroundings, the memory of this one's earth-life should emerge again, vivid and personal as now, the being thus having that memory would, we suppose, conclude that he had once lived this life here on earth.

Thus Memory would be the arbiter of survival and of the continuity (on the whole) of consciousness. Frederick Myers, indeed, goes so far as to define consciousness as that which is "potentially memorable"—thus suggesting that memory is a necessary accompaniment of any psychic state to which we can venture to give the name of consciousness.

It may indeed seem precarious to rest our test of survival on so notoriously fallible, and even at times fallacious, a thing as memory; but one does not see that there is anything better, or that there is any alternative! The memory may not be continuously enduring and operative; but if at any future time one should be persuaded of having survived from this present life, it must, one would say, be by memory in some form or other, *of* this present life. And it must be remarked that though memory is fitful and fallible, these epithets apply mainly to the supraliminal memory, to that superficial memory which we make use of by conscious effort, and which often fails us in the moment of need. Deep below this we dimly perceive, and daily are becoming more persuaded of, the existence of vast and permanent but latent stores, which from time to time emerge into manifestation; and more and more our psychologists are inclining to think that the supraliminal self gains its memories by tapping these stores,

* It is of course quite possible that our ordinary consciousness is discontinuous, even down to its minutest elements, and that it is only made up of successive and separate sensations which, as in a cinematograph, follow each other with lightning speed. But even this almost compels us to the assumption of another and profounder and more continuous consciousness beneath, which is the means of the synthesis and comparison of these sensations.

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and that its lapses and oblivions are more due to failure in the tapping process than to any failure of the memory stores themselves. Indeed not a few psychologists are now asking whether it is not likely that *every* psychic experience carries memory with it, and so is preserved in the great storehouse.

I have already, in a previous essay,* spoken of the so-called subliminal self as, among other things, a wonderful storehouse of memory; and I propose now to occupy a few pages with the more detailed consideration of the nature of that self; because, as we are discussing the question of survival, our discussion, as I have just said, ought obviously to include the under as well as the upper strata of consciousness. We cannot very well confine our meaning and our inquiry to the little brain-self only, and leave out of consideration the great self of the emotions and impulses—of genius, love, enthusiasm, and so forth. No, we must include both—the more intimate, though more hidden, self, as well as the self of the façade and the front window.

This hidden self is indeed an astounding thing, whose extent and complexity grows upon us as investigation proceeds. For when the term "subliminal" was first used it had apparently a fairly simple connotation—as of some *one* obscure and unexplored chamber of the mind; but now, instead of a single chamber, it would seem rather some vast house or palace at whose door we stand, with many chambers and corridors—some dark and underground, some spacious and well lighted and furnished, some lofty with extensive outlook and open to the sky; and the modern psychologists are puzzling themselves to find suitable names for all these new domains—which indeed they cannot satisfactorily do, seeing they know so little of their geography!

I can only attempt here—very roughly I am afraid, and unsystematically—to point out *some* of the properties and qualities of the underlying or hidden or subconscious self—whichever term we may like to use. In the first place, its memory appears to be little short of perfect, and at any rate to our ordinary intelligence and estimate, nothing short of marvellous. When a servant girl, who can neither read nor write, reproduces, in her

* See *The Drama of Love and Death,* chap. vii.

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wandering speech during a nervous fever, whole sentences of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, which she could not possibly understand, and which had only fallen quite casually on her ears years before from the lips of an old scholar (who used to recite passages to himself as he walked up and down a room adjoining the kitchen in which the girl at that time worked *); we perceive that the under or latent memory *may* catch and retain for a lengthy period, and with strange accuracy, the most fleeting and apparently superficial impressions. When Dr. Milne Bramwell instructs a hypnotized subject to make a cross on a bit of paper exactly 20,180 minutes after the giving of the order; and the patient, having of course emerged from the hypnotic sleep, and gone about her daily work, and having no conscious remembrance of the command, does nevertheless at the expiration of the stated number of days and minutes take a piece of paper and make the said cross upon it,† we can only marvel both at the persistence and accuracy of memory which the subliminal being displays, and at the strict command which this being may exercise in its silent way over the actions of the supraliminal self. When we are repeatedly told that in the moment of drowning, people remember every action and event of their past life, though we may doubt the exact force of the word "every," we cannot but be convinced that an enormous and astounding resurgence of memory does take place, and we cannot but suspect that the memorization is somehow on a different plane of consciousness from the usual one, being simultaneous and in mass instead of linear and successive. Or when, again, a "calculating boy" or prodigy of quite tender years on being asked to find the cube-root of 31,855,013 instantly says 317, or being given the number 17,861 immediately remarks that it consists of the factors 337×53, we are reduced to the alternative suppositions, either that the boy's subconscious self works out these sums with a perfectly amazing rapidity, or that it has access to stores of memory and knowledge quite beyond the experience of

* This well-known case, given by Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria,* is amply confirmed by scores of similar cases which have been carefully examined into and described by modern research.

† See *Proceedings S. P. R.,* vol. xii., pp. 176-203; quoted by Frederick Myers, *Human Personality,* ch. v.

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the life-time concerned. In all these cases, and hundreds and thousands of others which have been observed, the memory of the subliminal self—whether manifested through hypnotism, or in sleep or dreams, or in other ways—seems to exceed in range and richness, as well as in rapidity, the memory of the supraliminal self; and indeed Myers goes so far as to say that the deeper down one penetrates below the supraliminal, the more perfect is the remembrance: that, in cases where one can reach various planes of memory in the same subject, "it is the memory furthest from waking life whose span is the widest, whose grasp of the organism's unstored impressions is the most profound." * This is, I think, a very important conclusion, and one to which we may recur later.

But the hidden being within us does not show this extraordinary command of mental processes merely in technical matters. Its powers extend far deeper, into such regions as those of genius and prophecy. The wonderful flashes of intuition, the complex combinations of ideas, which at times leap fully formed and with a kind of authority into the field of man's waking consciousness, obviously proceed from a deep intelligence of some kind, lying below, and are the product of an immensely extended and rapid survey of things, brought to a sudden focus. They yield us the finest flowers of art; and some at any rate of the most remarkable instances of prediction. For though there may be —and probably is—a purely clairvoyant prophetic gift, freed as it were from the obscuration of time, yet it cannot be doubted that much or most of prophecy is simply very swift and conclusive inference derived from very extensive observation.

These flashes and inspirations are clearly not the product of the conscious brain; they are felt by the latter to come from beyond it. They are, in the language of Myers, "uprushes from the subliminal self." And even beyond them there are things which come from the same source—there are splendid enthusi-

* *Op. cit.* p. 100. De Quincey, it will be remembered, in a well-known passage of his *Confessions,* says:—"Of this at least I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever."

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asms, and overwhelming impulses of self-sacrifice, as well as mad and dæmonic passions.

Yet again, it is not merely command of *mental* processes that the subconscious being displays, but of the bodily powers and processes too. Intelligent itself to the marvellous degrees already indicated, it is evident also that its intelligence penetrates and ordains the whole body. Every one has heard of the *stigmata* of the Crucifixion appearing on the hands and feet of some religious devotee, as in the celebrated case of Louise Lateau. Dr. Briggs of Lima once told a hypnotized patient that "a red cross would appear on her chest every Friday during a period of four months"—and obediently the mark appeared.* A whisper in such cases is often sufficient; and the latent power swiftly but effectually modifies all the complex activities and functions of the organism to produce the desired result. What an extraordinary combination of elaborate intelligence and detailed organizing power must here be at work! And the same in the quite common yet very remarkable cases of mental healing, with which we are all now familiar.

Sometimes again—quite apart from any oral suggestion or apparent outside influence—we find the subjective being taking most decisive command of a person's faculties and actions. This happens, for instance, in somnambulism, when the sleep-walker perhaps passes along the narrow and perilous ridge of a roof or wall with perfect balance and sureness of foot—adjusting a hundred muscles in the most delicate way, and yet with total unconsciousness as far as the supraliminal self is concerned. Or it happens sometimes—even more remarkably—to people in full possession of their waking faculties, at some moment when extreme danger threatens to overwhelm them. John Muir, in his *The Mountains of California,* describes how when scaling the very precipitous face of a cliff he found himself completely baffled, at a great height from the ground, and unable to proceed either up or down. He was seized with panic and a trembling in every limb, and was on the point of falling, when suddenly a perfect calm and assurance took possession of him, and somehow—he never quite knew how—with an astonishing agility and

* See *Journal S. P. R.,* vol. iii., p. 100.

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sure-footedness he completed the ascent, and was saved. "I seemed suddenly to become possessed of a new sense. The other self—bygone experiences, instinct or guardian angel—call it what you will—came forward and assumed control. My trembling muscles became firm again, every rift and flaw in the rock was seen as through a microscope, and my limbs moved with a positiveness and precision with which I seemed to have nothing at all to do. Had I been borne aloft upon wings, my deliverance could not have been more complete."

Maeterlinck, in his chapter on "The Psychology of Accident" (in *Life and Flowers*), describes how, in the nerve-commotion of danger, Instinct, "a rugged, brutal, naked, muscular figure," rushes to the rescue. "With a glance that is surer and swifter than the onrush of the peril, it takes in the situation, then and there unravels all its details, issues and possibilities, and in a trice affords a magnificent, an unforgettable spectacle of strength, courage, precision, and will, in which unconquered life flies at the throat of death." And similar instances—of instinctive presence of mind, and an almost miraculous development of faculty in extreme danger—are within the knowledge of most people. The subliminal being steps in quite decisively, and the ordinary conscious mind *feels* that another power is taking over the reins.

But there is another faculty of the subjacent self which must not be passed over, and which is very important—I mean the image-forming power. This is one of the prime faculties of all intelligent beings, lying at the very root of creation; and it is a faculty possessed to an extreme and impressive degree by the self "behind the scenes." I have discussed this subject generally at some length in my book *The Art of Creation,* and need not repeat the matter here, except to allude to a few points. The image-forming faculty is a natural attribute of the conscious mind, in all perhaps but the lowest grades of evolution; at any rate it is difficult to think of a mind at all like ours *without* this faculty,—which is most active when the mind is withdrawn into itself, in quietude. In his study or when burning the midnight oil the writer's brain teems, or is supposed to teem, with images! But in sleep the image-forming activity is even

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greater. It then shows itself in the subconscious mind, in the world of dreams, whose bodiless creations are more vivid and energetic than those of our waking hours, and have a strange sense of *reality* about them. But again, in the deeper sleep of trance still more vivid images are produced. A young student hypnotized imagines himself to be Napoleon, then to be Garibaldi, then to be an old woman of ninety, than to be a mere child. He acts the parts of these characters, imitates their handwriting, their voices, issues proclamations to his soldiers in the name of the first two, assumes the shaky penmanship of childhood and of old age; and all in the course of half-an-hour or so.* The images thus formed in the deep trance of the young man are so vivid, so powerful, so dramatic, that they take possession of the organism and compel it to become the means of their manifestation. In mediumistic trance the same thing happens. There may be suggestion from outside, or there may not, but in the depth of the medium's mind images are formed which speak and act through the entranced person, making use in doing so of the marvellous stores of memory and knowledge which the inner mind has at command, and sorely puzzling the spectators at times, as to whether the performance is merely histrionic or whether by chance it indicates a *bona fide* communication from the dead.

This energetic dramatic quality of the image-forming faculty is tremendously important. It has not been enough insisted upon; and it has been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented. It is, as I say, a root-property of creation. It is seen everywhere in the healthy activity of the human mind, in its delight in romance and imagination, in the play of children, the stage, literature, art, scientific invention—the sheer joy of creation, going on everywhere and always. Lay the conscious and controlling and selective power of the upper mind at rest, in the trance-condition, and you have in the deeps of the subliminal self this primal creative power exposed. Offer to it the lightest suggestion, and there springs forth from that abyss a figure corresponding, or a dozen figures, or a whole procession! The mere delight of creation calls them forth. Could anything be more wonderful?

* See Lombroso, *Fenomeni ipnotici è spiritici,* pp. 28-31.

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Some people seem to be quite shocked at the idea that this subliminal mind, or whatever it is that possesses these marvellous powers, should act these parts, and lend itself to unsubstantial and quasi-fraudulent representations. But why accuse of deception? It is a game—the great game we are all of us playing—the whole Creation romancing away; with endless inexhaustible fertility throwing out images, ideas, new shapes and forms forever. Those forms which hold their own, which substantiate themselves, which fill a place, fulfil a need—they win their way into the actual world and become the originals of the plants, the animals, human beings, works of art, and so forth, which we know. Those which cannot hold their own pass back again into the unseen. In the far depths of the entranced medium's mind we see this abysmal process going on—this fountain-like production of images taking place—the very beginnings of creation. It is the sheer joy of manifestation. As one gives a musician a mere hint or clue—a theme of three or four notes—and immediately he improvises a spirited piece of music; so is it with the hypnotized person or with the medium. One gives him a suggestion and he immediately creates the figures according. And so it is for us, to direct this wonderful power, even in ourselves—not to call it fraudulent, but to make use of it for splendid ends.

Doubtless it can be used for unworthy ends. It is easy to understand that the mediumistic person, finding this wonderful dramatic and creative faculty within himself or herself, is sometimes tempted to turn it to personal advantage; and succumbs to the temptation. The dramatic habit catches hold of the waking self, and renders the person tricky and unreliable.* But below it all is creation, and the instinct of creation—the power that gives to airy nothing a local habitation, the genius of the dramatist, of the artist, of the inventor, and the *very source of the visible and tangible world.*

For from the under-self—as exposed in the state of trance,

* This was no doubt, for instance, the case with Eusapia Paladino—as admitted by her warmest supporters. But it does not contravene the fact, proved by most abundant evidence and experiment, of the astounding physical phenomena which from her early childhood accompanied her, and in some strange way exhaled from her.

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or in extreme languor and exhaustion of the body, or in the moment of death, or in dreams, or even in profound reverie—proceed (strange as it may seem) voices and visions and forms, things audible and visible and tangible, things anyhow which are competent to impress the senses of spectators so vividly as to be, for the moment, indistinguishable from the phenomena, audible, visible and tangible, of our actual world. Amazing as are the materializations connected with mediums—the figures which appear, which speak, which touch and are touched, the faces, the supernumerary feet and hands, the sounds, the lights, the movements of objects—all in some way connected with the medium's presence—these phenomena are now far too well established and confirmed by careful and scientific observation to admit (in the mass) of any reasonable doubt.* And similarly with the wraiths, or phantoms which are projected from dying or lately dead persons, the evidence for them in general is much too abundant and well attested to allow of disbelief. What an extraordinary story, for instance, is that given by Sir Oliver Lodge in his *Survival of Man* (p. 101)—of a workman who, having drunk poison by mistake, appeared in the moment of death, with blue and blotched face, to his employer, to whom he was greatly attached, and told him not to be deceived by the rumor that he (the workman) had committed suicide! Yet the story is fully and authoritatively given in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research,* vol. iii. p. 97, and cannot well be set aside. But if such things happen in the hour of death, so do they also happen in the dream-state. The dreamer has a vivid dream of

* It is impossible, for instance, to read slowly and in detail such works as A. R. Wallace's *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism,* William Crookes' *Researches into Spiritualism,* C. Lombroso's *Fenomeni ipnotici è spiritici,* and to note the care and exactness with which in each case experiments were conducted, tests devised, and results recorded, without being persuaded that in the mass the conclusions (confirmed in the first two instances by the authors themselves after an interval of twenty or thirty years) are correct. Already a long list of scientific and responsible men, like Charles Richet (professor of physiology at Paris), Camille Flammarion (the well-known astronomer), Professor Zöllner of the Observatory at Leipzig, C. F. Varley, the electrician, Sir Oliver Lodge of Birmingham, have made important contributions to the evidence; while others, like Professor De Morgan the mathematician, Professor Challis the astronomer, Sergeant Cox the lawyer, and Professor William James the psychologist, have signified their general adhesion.

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visiting a certain person, and is accordingly and at that time seen by that person. And in the state of reverie the same. It is at times sufficient to think profoundly of anyone, or to let one's inner self go out toward that person, in order to cause an image of one's self to be seen by him.

It will of course be said, and often is said, that those phenomena are only hallucinations, and have no objective existence. But the sufficient answer to that is that the things also of our actual world are hallucinations in their degree, and certainly have no full objective existence. The daffodil in my garden is an hallucination in that degree that, with the smallest transposition of my senses, its color, its scent, and even its form might be quite altered. What we call its objectivity rests on the permanence of its relations—on its continued appearance in one spot, its visibility to different people at one time, or to one person at different times, and so forth. But if that is the definition of objectivity, it is obvious that the forms which have been seen over and over again, and under strict test-conditions, in connection with certain mediums, have had in their degree an objective existence.

In America, in connection with Kate Fox (one of the earliest and most spontaneous and natural of modern mediums), a certain Mr. Livermore—a business man of New York—came into communication as it seemed with his deceased wife. She appeared to him—not in one house only, but in several houses—over and over again; sometimes only the head, sometimes the whole figure; her appearance was accompanied by inexplicable sounds and lights; she communicated sometimes by raps, sometimes by visibly writing on blank cards brought for the purpose; and these phenomena extended over a period of six years and 388 recorded sittings, and at many of the sittings were corroborated by independent witnesses.* It is difficult to imagine hallucinations or deceit maintained under such circumstances.

In England (in connection with the medium Florence Cook) the figure "Katie King" appeared to Sir William Crookes a great number of times during three years (1881-84) and was studied by him and Mr. C. F. Varley, F.R.S., with the greatest

* See R. Dale Owen, *The Debatable Land* (1871), pp. 385-400.

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scientific care. Her apparition often spoke to those present, was touched by, and touched them, wrote, or played with the children. It often came outside the cabinet, and three times was seen by those present simultaneously with, and by the side of, the entranced medium. The figure was taller than the medium and different in feature; Crookes observed its pulse and found it making 75 beats a minute to the medium's 90.

Professor Richet, the French scientist, examined with great care the phantasm "Beni Boa," which appeared to him some twenty times in connection with the Algerian medium Aisha; he obtained several photographs of it, and observed its pulse, its respiration, and so forth. Lombroso, the author of many scientific works, and a man who to begin with was a complete sceptic on these matters, assures us that at the sittings of Eusapia Paladino he saw his own mother (long dead) a great number of times, and that she repeatedly kissed him. In connection with Mme. d'Espérance the girlish figure of "Yolanda" appeared and disappeared very frequently during a period of ten years, and was well known to frequenters of her circle; and in 1896 a committee formed by some twenty-five high officials and well-known persons in Norway publicly attested the repeated appearance at her séances of a very beautiful female figure who glided among the sitters, grasped their hands, gave them messages, and so forth, and disappeared before their eyes in a misty cloud. Such evidence of the objectivity of séance figures could be rather indefinitely multiplied. But the same may be said, though perhaps less conclusively, of various ghosts and other manifestations, whose relations to certain persons or places or houses seem quite definite and well established—and not unfrequently steadily recurrent under the same conditions.

Without going into the vexed question of whether these and similar manifestations are merely products or inventions of the trance-mind of the medium or other person concerned, or whether some at least of them are the work or evidence of separate "spirits"—leaving that question open for the present—we may still say that all these things are actual creations—creations of the hidden self of Man in some form or other; not so assured, certainly, and not so permanent as the well-known

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shapes of outer nature; abortive creations, if you like, which come a little way forward into manifestation, and then retreat again; but still creations in the same sense as those more established ones; and wonderfully revealing to us the secret of the generation and birth of all the visible world.

That we should have, all of us, this magic source somewhere buried within—this Aladdin's lamp, this vase of the Djinns, this Pandora box of evil as well as of good, is indeed astounding; and must cause us, when we have once fully realized the fact, to envisage life quite differently from what we have ever done before. It must cause us to feel that our very ordinary and daily self—which we know so well (and which sometimes we even get a little tired of)—is only a fraction, only a flag and a signal, of that great Presence which we really are, that great Mass-man who lies unexplored behind the very visible and actual. Difficult or impossible as this being may be to define, enormously complex as it probably is, and far-reaching, and hard to gauge, yet we see that it is *there,* undeniably there—a being that apparently includes far extremes of faculty and character, running parallel to the conscious self from low to high levels, having in its range of manifestation the most primitive desires and passions, and the highest feats of intellect and enthusiasm; and while at times capable of accepting the most frivolous suggestions and of behaving in a humorous or merely capricious and irresponsible manner, at other times capable, as we have seen, of taking most serious command and control of the whole physical organism, and as far as the spiritual organism is concerned, of rising to the greatest heights of prophecy and inspiration.*

I say, then, that we must include in this problem of survival both the ordinary upper and conscious self and the deep-lying subjective and subconscious (or superconscious) being. Just as the organizing power of the body includes the cerebro-spinal system of nerves on the one hand, and the great-sympathetic system on the other, so the organism of the soul includes the supra-

* With regard to this question of hypnotism and crime, T. J. Hudson says (*Psychic Phenomena,* p. 129) that it is almost impossible to persuade a hypnotic to do what he firmly believes to be wrong. And Myers maintains that whatever the subliminal being may be, it is never malignant. "In dealing with automatic script, for instance, we shall have to wonder whence come the occa-

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liminal and subliminal portions. The two must be taken together, and either alone could only represent a fraction of the real person. The exact relation of these two selves to each other is a matter which can only become clear with long time and study of this difficult subject. It may be that the subliminal self is destined to become conscious in our ordinary sense of the word. It may be, on the other hand, that the conscious self is destined to rise into the much wider consciousness of the subjective being. There is a great deal to suggest that the supraliminal self is only the front as it were of the great wave of life; and that the brain consciousness is only a very special instrument for dealing with the surroundings and conditions of our terrestrial existence—an instrument which will surrender much of its value at death and on mergence with the larger and differently constituted consciousness which under-runs and sustains it. That the two selves are in constant communication with each other, and that they are both intelligent in some sense, is obvious from the facts of *suggestion,* by which often the lightest whisper so to speak from the upper is understood and attended to by the under self; while, on the other hand, the under-self communicates with the upper, sometimes by inner voices heard and visions seen, sometimes by automatic actions, as in dream- or trance-writing, sometimes even by sounds and apparitions so powerful as to *appear* at least external.

So we cannot but think that the question of survival may ultimately resolve itself very much into the question of the more complete and effectual understanding between these different portions of the self. When they come into clear relation with each other, when the unit-man and the Mass-man merge into a perfect understanding and harmony, when they both become conscious of their affiliation to the great Self of the universe, then the problem will be solved—or we may perhaps say, the problem will cease to exist.

sional vulgar jokes or silly mystifications. We shall discuss whether they are a kind of dream of the automatist's own, or whether they indicate the existence of unembodied intelligences on the level of the dog or the ape. But, on the other hand, all that world-old conception of Evil Spirits, of malevolent powers, which has been the basis of so much of actual devil-worship and so much more of vague supernatural fear:—all this insensibly melts from the mind as we study the evidence before us" (*Op. cit.* p. 252).

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MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

VAN WYCK BROOKS

THERE are summer days when the heart is filled with a nostalgia for it knows not what, a dull anguish that is made up of little fragmentary sensations, unfinished fancies, the fragrance of memory, of love, and of regret. One seems to exist in sentiments which have not even the vitality to assert themselves. Words the most exquisite, words which contain even the most exquisite connotations, are too coarse for these little flowers of the mind which wither and die at the instant of birth and are too ephemeral to register their existence in any individual sensation of pain. Without reaching anything we seem to have outlived ourselves, and our thoughts are like little shadows cast by vague desires. We are like sea-shells that glance with sunlight, but contain within only the perpetual murmur of something unknown, distant, and sombre, echoes from the ocean of regret.

That, or something like that, seems to me the note of Maurice de Guérin.

Born in the little château of La Cayla in the Cévennes, he represents in his early surroundings the last attenuated fragrance of a feudalism four hundred years past its prime. His family, famous in the history of France and the Church, had preserved in poverty and solitude the gentlest piety, the most susceptible intimacies, a fervor altogether spiritual. The mother's early death added sorrow to this household of young children, the eldest of whom, Eugénie, at that time eleven years old and five years older than Maurice, instantly assumed the mother's place she was to fill so touchingly and for so many years.

The names of Maurice and Eugénie have grown together like two flowers on a single stem. She describes herself weeping over him as Monica wept over Augustine, and we can understand him better when we have grasped a little of her pervasive influence.

It was altogether devotional, in the Catholic sense. She recreates for us in its loveliest form the sentiment of the *Mater*

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Dolorosa. "I like the month of Mary," she writes, "and the rest of the pleasant little ceremonies the Church allows and hallows—ceremonies springing up at the feet of faith like flowers at the foot of an oak." Looking out on the world, which Maurice as a man is destined to enter, she compares it to an ocean covered with wrecked vessels—"Happy are those who have left it, who on a beautiful day have reached heaven!" And again, "The bird seeking the branch, the bee the flower, the river the sea, run to their resting-place. My soul, my intellect resembles them, O my God! seeking its flower and branch. . . . All that is in heaven!" She surrenders everything, even her talent: "I have given up writing poetry because I recognize that God does not ask it of me." Solitude has rendered her frail, sensitive, and almost clairvoyant. A letter from the outside world becomes with her a capital event, sets her fancies fluttering, stirs in her the gayest and most charming tendernesses. In solitude, she says, "ideas come which resemble nothing in the world, unknown, beautiful, like flowers or mosses." And in the overflowing of this nature, deprived of maternity, everything becomes indescribably childlike, winning, wistful; God himself becomes a kind of dream-child, the idea of which she fondles as in Italy they fondle the pink, waxen images of the little Jesus, only with an austerer, more mystical, less ruddy sentiment.

The family is very poor—the drawing-room is without a mirror, and they gather in the kitchen. A touching hospitality prevails there. The little old peasant women come to warm themselves at the fire, chattering gaily in their *pâtois*. The curé is a familiar friend. A child enters, unhangs the guitar, and listens to the singing of the strings. Three leeches float in a bowl on the mantelpiece, the water of which is piously changed every day. A dog is welcome, and the question arises, whether Polidor is not too lofty a name for him? . . . .

II

That picture forms the setting of Maurice's childhood. On the terrace, under the blossoming almond-tree I see him standing in silence, dreaming, at the hour of the Angelus. "I can-

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not," he writes in his *Journal,* " repress my longing for the sky where I should be, and which I can reach only by the oblique line of the human career." And in his long, eager walks, his visions of the desert and the wide ocean, he might have said with Shelley:

> "I love all waste
> And solitary places where we taste
> The pleasure of believing all we see
> Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

In his craving for the infinite, for the liberty of nature, Maurice was not in search of metamorphoses. He had no wish to be anything other than he was, but to become, in himself, identical with the universe, to float away from the finite, not into other finite forms, but into that which lies below them all. How he differs, for example, from Marie Bashkirtseff! Place side by side two utterances, characteristic of each. " If we could identify ourselves with the spring," he says, " force the mind to the point of believing that it breathes in all the life and love that ferments in nature! to feel one's self flower, verdure, bird, song, freshness, elasticity, pleasure, serenity, all at once! " . . . " I want," said Marie, " to be Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Caracalla, the Devil, the Pope." Elsewhere she adds: " That is what comes of being vulgar oneself." Yes, that is the difference, Marie is vulgar. A creature herself, she is disappointed with herself: she perpetually longs to become other creatures. Her motive is external, almost envious, covetous. At the bottom of her discontent lie selfishness and pride. She is piqued, but she is not touched. It is all the difference between aspiration and ambition. With Guérin it is fundamental, selfless, disinterested; and his desire is not to be any other manifestation of nature, but to be at one with nature in all her manifestations.

This pantheism is of a type peculiarly Catholic which science has destroyed, or rather transformed. The study of nature has made plain to us that an all-embracing order reigns in the universe. We rest in that conception, to which we must needs accommodate our own ideas of justice, truth, and virtue. So long as there appeared to be something arbitrary in nature the

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conception of a universal order was necessarily factitious. Before we knew that in the long run virtue and all the properties of health prevail in the universe, men were only able to see that they do *not* prevail, immediately, in the world. And they invented heaven, the projection of this ideal from a world which of itself could not respond to it. Even now, when we have removed the supernatural scaffoldings of heaven and lowered that glorious architecture down to the world, the conception remains true symbolically which has become untrue literally. The *Divine Comedy* is not superseded by the *Origin of Species,* but interpreted by it. The "love that moves the sun and the other stars" remains the law of the universe. And because we see that the instinct by which every species perpetuates itself is the fundamental law, we see Christ in a new light, we understand that love is deeper than morality, and that our life is dignified in its identity with the life of trees, animals, and worlds.

The celestial régime of the Catholic Church contained thus a profounder truth than any which man had been able to reach until science brought him into actual, conscious touch with the absolute. It propounded a conception of infinite order in which the good, the beautiful, and the true right themselves and assume their fundamental proportions. I see in the Protestant movement of four centuries the struggle to attain science, the attempt to regulate the relations between the symbolic and the actual. But as every conception must be a makeshift which is founded upon anything less than absolute order, how can there be anything possible between pure symbolism in the Catholic attitude and pure actuality in the scientific attitude? Just there lies the weakness of Protestantism. There are moments when we turn fully and passionately to Rome, but at no time do we turn more than half-heartedly to Protestantism. Is not this because Rome entirely expresses the imaginative mood, while Protestantism only half expresses the mood of actuality and is only a lodging on the way? Symbolic or actual—we may have our preference, but it is the extreme in any form which wins our suffrage: that which enables us to feel we can reach out, reach out even though we may be reaching behind us, that we shall not continually hear the counsel, moderation, moderation. The

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universe has no more to do with moderation than it has with respectability.

No sooner do we touch the infinite order than we have an exulting sense of freedom. Think deeply of those superb Catholic symbols, the Madonna, the tempted Saint Anthony, the Dragon-slayer, wherein the human soul has expressed its aspirations and chagrins, and we understand how the world has felt the immense liberation of the Catholic religion, so rich, so human, so inflamed, so purgative. Who has not discovered in himself a dragon and a furious archangel? What artist has not felt that he lived in a Saint Anthony's cave: a baleful pageant hurrying by, monsters and imps, a voluptuous courtesan, toads and hippogriffs and seraphic virgins, disordered symbols of the real world seen through the insanity of detachment? Surely we have a right to form pictures of our profound instincts and, having done so, to give them names! At this discharge of our secret broodings a blithe spirit springs up in us. Hence the gay Catholic heart, the heart of Italy so free and childlike in the midst of poverty, disease, and old oppression: the songs of Petrarch, the pictures of Giotto, the acts of Saint Francis. The essential idea of the Catholic Church considered symbolically is precisely that of science. It reaches below ideas, personalities, philosophies, regards the spirit as but one of many manifestations and bases itself, one might almost say, upon the human body, the nervous and sensory organs which lie behind thought as they lie behind action. It enthrones itself in those caverns where even the most exquisite and remote conceptions of the spirit have their origin.

III

How natural it was then for Guérin to have been led, or half led, into a belief in his religious vocation! After a deep and considerate study of history and philosophy and after one brief, unsuccessful attempt to establish himself in journalism, he went to La Chenaie and joined the group of enthusiastic young disciples gathered about the old prophet Lemennais, not yet separated from Rome, but already writing the sublime and archheretical *Words of a Believer*. In this retreat, so quiet, so studi-

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ous, so filled with noble and affectionate graces, he had an opportunity to learn how far the object of his longings was spiritual liberty, the cultivation of the inner life for its own sake. Let us see how it affects him:

Good Friday. "There is in me I know not what reprehensible spirit which excites great discontent, and drives me, as it were, to rebel against all holy offices and the collectedness of soul which are the due preparation for the great solemnities of our faith. We have been in special seclusion for two days and I have done nothing but grow weary, fretted with I do not know what thoughts, and even becoming irritated with the customs of the retreat. Oh, how well I recognize here the old leaven of which I have not yet purged my soul!"

How gladly he passes to those joyous and fresh descriptions of the visible world that have so amply, so unexpectedly to him, justified his existence:

"I have visited our primroses; each was bearing its little burden of snow and bending its head under the weight. These pretty flowers, so richly colored, presented a charming effect under their white hoods. I saw whole tufts of them covered over with a single block of snow; all these laughing flowers, thus veiled and leaning one against another, seemed like a group of young girls overtaken by a shower and getting to shelter under a white apron."

Again and again he returns to the sense of unfitness for life, partly the result of a real malady so soon to carry him away, partly of a failure to grasp his vocation:

May 26. "Why vex myself by incessantly asking, what shall I make of my life? I have applied it to many things, and it has taken hold of none. With an apparent fitness for work I remain in a useless and passive attitude, almost without resource."

Maurice was not, in fact, one of those whom life itself satisfies, or of those who through faith can discover in life a vicarious completeness. The answer to his question would not have been so uncertain to one more accustomed to the intellectual and material matters of skill, concentration, industry, more capable of a noble compromise. For the truth is, though Maurice had barely time to guess it, he was in search not of the

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freedom of the spirit, but of art. After he had left La Chenaie and followed the suggestion of that "reprehensible spirit" and that "old leaven," he half discovered this fact, which in time would have cured his wavering melancholy and given him over to the difficult pleasures of creation and of sensuous and plastic forms. Had this not been so, he could not have given us that colossal fragment, *The Centaur*.

IV

I know no more interesting example than Guérin's *Journal* of the struggle of the artistic impulse to assert itself in minds naturally diffuse and of low vitality. The robust faculty of self-limitation, the power to say No! to the innumerable conflicting intuitions of a sensitive mind is wanting in certain souls which are neither conventional on the one hand nor philosophical on the other. They lack the vital force of spontaneous creation. A profound unhappiness always accompanies in them a sensation of the beautiful, the interesting, or the picturesque. No sooner are they possessed with an idea than a phantom arises within them. It is the image of this idea composed of words, which takes form in the remote caverns of their heart. They can hear the imprisoned monster stirring far within. They hear it approaching along the passages that lead to their upper consciousness. It has already become a composition clamoring for permission to be born. . . . Each day a hundred impressions empty themselves within, of which only one can promise a delivered image. Hence that exhilaration and that fatigue arising from a never-ending expectation, by which they are like some vessel that is being perpetually filled and emptied and filled again and poured out, all the time growing, as it were, shabbier with use, use that leaves it utterly passive, a thing played with and tossed here and there. The world of realities, to most men so friendly and companionable, is to them like a lover which enslaves them in pleasure and pain. In this relation, in the midst of this chaotic melancholy, a fitful something asserts itself, a persistent force urges them to revolt, to grapple their elusive destiny and become the master of things.

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"My God," cries Guérin, "how comes it that my repose is affected by what passes in the air, and that the peace of my soul is thus given over to the caprice of the winds!" It is as if, when the birds had given him their song and the flowers their perfume, when history had offered him its tragedies and poetry, its blithe purgation, they had hesitated in the moment of offering, discreetly adding this condition:

"It is not for us to crown a heart that nature has deprived of its freedom. The great mother is provoked with those rebellious children whose individual consciousness disturbs her brooding sleep. Awake! Assert thyself! but no longer expect to be perfectly happy. Taste thy little freedom and therein discover thy immense slavery. Discover that he only is truly free who has of his own will chosen slavery, and that submission is the price of peace. If, having learned that lesson, you shall at any time resign your pretensions and rejoin through sleep the unity of the unconscious universe, we will come to you then freely and illuminate your slumber like beautiful dreams. Sounds and colors, ideas, thoughts, and sentiments, we are the glad choir of the inner universal harmony. We reward nobody, we ask no reward, we exist as nature exists. Toward him who rebels we are in rebellion. Miserable estranged atom, it is not even given us to feel compassion for you. But since we are entirely passive we must needs permit you to violate us even where we cannot give you the sumptuous pleasure of our consent. Take us, therefore, as you can. Plunge deeply into the universal fountain. Drag us forth, dripping with suggestions of the infinite, and crowd us into your poems and your pictures. There an image of us will remain to remind you forever of our sublime essence, which escaped you and which a less presuming heart might have possessed."

So nature speaks to the half-artist, who is something less than man. But the great mother does not dare to chide the robust soul which is capable, like herself, of creation.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt issued the warning that no Bourbon was ever such a dangerous enemy of the people and of freedom as the professed friend of both, Robespierre, he probably did not remember for the moment that he himself is a professed friend of the people and of liberty, as he was once a professed friend of the President.

* * *

THE Colonel has still many followers, who believe in his sincerity, as in his forcefulness and ability to lead; but larger numbers have been repelled by the unpleasant features of the campaign—far too obtrusive to be ignored or explained away. On the other hand, the conduct of the President's campaign has not been inspiring; there has been too much of the machine, too little of the *deus ex machinâ*. The average man is beginning to come round, as might be expected, to the common sense upon which Lincoln relied. He distrusts Colonel Roosevelt, even if, avowedly or involuntarily, he admires him as a dynamic force; and, without the least desire to imagine awkward complications that used to occur twenty centuries ago, and half a century ago, but, of course, can never occur again, he is beginning to realize, nevertheless, that the Man Who Would Not Be King, because he is much too big for the position, may conceivably consider himself too big for any position that can reasonably be offered to him in a Republic, and so may attempt to help himself. In any event, it is far from ludicrous to insure that the egotism that has already reached the *n*th degree shall not reach the Presidential chair and the dangerous opportunities for perpetuating itself,—even if the whole campaign is really only preliminary manœuvring, not for the 1912, but for the 1916 nomination. And as Mr. Taft, unfortunately, is squandering his great opportunities by not realizing that the chief duty of a leader is to lead, the average man could be excused for saying "a plague o' both your houses," and turning his attention to a compromise candidate—preferably Mr. Justice Hughes, notwithstanding his reluctance to leave his safe anchorage—who would

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restore some measure of dignity and discipline to the divided and disorganized Republican party. In one thing, at least, Mr. Hughes could teach Colonel Roosevelt a valuable lesson: he would not respond to his country's call before his country had called him. And he could apparently give Mr. Taft a lesson in effectiveness.

* * *

CERTAINLY Colonel Roosevelt was not very happy or successful in his attempt to ridicule the suggestion that exaggerated personal ambition might lead him into dangerous extremes. He admitted that, as a class, the kings whom he had met were not unworthy of his toleration or even affectionate regard; but, lest his royal and imperial friends should be unduly exalted by the commendation, he hastened to qualify it by the assertion that the position of a constitutional sovereign was scarcely a "full-sized man's job." Shakespeare—whom it would be wrong to mention without the expressive "Bard of Avon" that so greatly facilitates identification—has given a little publicity to the statement that Cæsar "thrice refused a kingly crown,"—recognizing, no doubt, that kingship was not even then a "full-sized man's job." Yet the Republic did not greatly flourish thereafter. The art of securing the substance and relinquishing the shadow has generally been familiar to the Cæsars of history.

No one with a sense of humor has hitherto seriously entertained the idea that the ex-President proposed to discard his laurels and assume the jewelled diadem that the Bard of Avon (Shakespeare) has associated indissolubly with insomnia. The anxiety of all too-jealous guardians of liberty could have been allowed to fade gently into tranquil quiescence. However, Colonel Roosevelt thought it necessary to denounce the imputation. Evidently it did not seem to him too incongruous or absurd to be considered. But in settling the question—for the moment, and for the multitude—by affirming that he is much too big a man to be a mere king, the Colonel has unfortunately drawn attention to the obvious inference that he would not refuse a Perpetual Dictatorship—a position without the limitations so distasteful to a full-sized egoist.

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Now that both poles have been visited, there may be a little leisure to study the geography of Persia, while the opportunity is still open.

* * *

A LEADING Democratic newspaper has paused to notice what is happening politically. It perceived something rotten in the State of New York. "The Democratic party in New York is not a Democratic party. It is a Murphy party. The Democratic State Committee is not a Democratic State Committee. It is a Murphy Committee. The Democratic machine is merely an instrument for recording Murphy's imperial will."

Of course. But it is curious how these little imperial incidents will happen in the greatest and most glorious of all Republics. There would be no enduring abiding place for Tammany organizations in the effete constitutional governments of the Old World. But in this sweet land of liberty they take root and flourish, and we are usually too polite to hurt any delicate susceptibilities by protesting. Yet a little Vigilance work in the neighborhood of Fourteenth Street would have a wonderfully salutary effect.

Ireland has sent us millions of useful citizens, and thousands of eminent and honorable citizens. But we are not in Ireland's debt. She has also provided us with our Crokers and Murphys. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Murphy is conscientiously in favor of Home Rule for Ireland; and, if so, whether he would be willing to extend the same courteous consideration to a suggestion of Home Rule for America? But this is preposterous. With Colonel Roosevelt's imperial will radiating from the White House, and Mr. Murphy's imperial will radiating from the Wigwam, the Ultima Thule of imperial freedom would surely be reached. Could government "of the people, for the people, by the people" go any further—in the way of parody?

* * *

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST recently addressed a significant communication to Senator O'Gorman. It is true that the title which he gave to it concluded with a note of interrogation—*Is the United States for Sale?* But there was nothing in-

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conclusive or indefinite in the statement itself. The United States is not for sale, if Mr. Hearst may be regarded as an authority, simply because the country has already been bought and paid for. We are no longer the United States of America, but the United States of Wall Street—the *of* in this case indicating possession, not extension. Mr. Carnegie may refrain from further worrying about simplified spelling; the alphabet has already been simplified to its extremest point; everything is spelt with dollars. Justice, so many dollars; position and power, more dollars; ideals, unlimited dollars; democracy, *minus* dollars.

It is a comprehensive indictment. Unfortunately, we are so familiar with comprehensive indictments that we ignore them. Even the Mississippi in flood would scarcely cleanse our Augean stables. The simplest way is to deny the Augean stables, or leave them to the unnoticeable efforts of the muckrakers.

Mr. Hearst's political career and methods have not yet brought him the complete confidence of his fellow-citizens. He has cried in the wilderness so often and so loudly that familiarity has developed a certain degree of indifference. Yet Galilee may produce one good thing, even though Judea give the ultimate sanction. And there is a remarkable feature about this new utterance. It happens to be true. In its references to the Senate, it is not merely true; it is amusing,—since the subject could scarcely be taken seriously.

For the Senate, established by our fathers to safeguard the Republic, maintained by our fathers' sons to shame the Republic, was attacked so specifically that in any civilized country it would have been compelled to answer the accusation at the bar of public opinion, or pass, discredited and disowned, from the institutions of the nation. But this is not a civilized country. Why deny openly what everyone admits, privately? It is a monetized country. The Senate will answer nothing, defend nothing. To whom shall it answer? Is it not autocratic? The most egregious Second Chamber ever evolved by "constitutional" government; guided neither by the traditions of *noblesse oblige* nor the finer traditions of true democracy; owning or owned by the corporations and the predatory political machines:

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—the Senate will go securely on its way, impervious to attack, because impervious to logic or justice; unassailable, but not unsalable; blind to the needs, and deaf to the voice, of the country; but never blind to its self-interest, or deaf to the call of the dollar. *Ave, Cæsar!* Those about to buy salute thee!

* * *

By a vote of 222 to 208 the British House of Commons rejected the Conciliation Bill, which would have enfranchised about 1,000,000 women. A similar Bill passed its second reading last year by a majority of 255 to 88, though no further progress could be made in default of Government facilities.

The sweeping reversal has been attributed entirely to the recent campaigns of unrestrained hysteria. Undoubtedly, the moral that was so forcibly pointed by the rioters had an important influence and caused many members of the House to reconsider their views; but truth is truth, and should prevail; and so it may be mentioned that the Irish party was chiefly responsible for the emphatic verdict. If the Bill had passed its second reading, the Government was now pledged to grant special facilities, and a good deal of time would have been consumed that could more profitably, in the opinion of the Nationalists, be devoted to furthering the Home Rule Bill. The issue of Votes for Women was therefore eliminated by the collective casting vote that has so often decided the fate of English measures and Ministries. Now that Home Rule for England would not necessarily mean petticoat government, the cry may perhaps be taken up with some approach to seriousness, if not to success. For it is a long time since England has controlled her own destinies, at home or abroad.

* * *

Miss Inez Milholland, one of the sanest and sincerest of feminists, was speaking some little time ago about the English suffragettes. She tried to explain that they must not be judged, in the ordinary sense, by their actions. They were the "best bred body of women in the world." The campaign of aggression that they had initiated was the measure, not of their mental littleness or poverty of resource, but of their self-sacri-

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fice, their devotion to an inflexible sense of duty. Abused by their enemies, criticised even by their friends, they were the pioneers of the new age and the new spirit. Not the least of the violence that they had deliberately employed was the violence to their own feelings. But they looked to one divine event—not far off—for their justification.

It is not disputed that the suffragists believe they are fighting a just fight, in which the end will redeem the means. No one will maintain that delicately nurtured women can find any special pleasure in dragging policemen from their horses, or invading once peaceful suburbs with hammers and similar arguments, while the tradesmen stand at their shop-doors with poles, ready to pull down the shutters, and the mass of the populace has the impression of being in a state of siege by a self-constituted enemy upon whom it is impossible to retaliate personally. It is not imagined that Lady Constance Lytton and the other leaders enjoy their jail-experiences, or that they undertake the hunger-strike and bring unutterable worry upon the prison-authorities through any special fondness for starvation, forcible feeding, and solitary confinement. Every credit is given to them for perseverance and dauntless courage. But the opinion of the world is steadily coming round to the view that the greatest argument against votes for women is—the Suffragettes. They have made manifest in a painful form the truth of many of the objections urged against the political equality of the sexes. They have repeatedly exhibited the mob-spirit in its worst form; they have adopted, and been proud of, unpardonable vulgarity; they have shown an utter contempt for any rights but those they claim for themselves; a regrettable inability to understand any possible side of any argument, other than their own; an unscrupulousness in conducting their agitation that can only be paralleled amongst the most ignorant rioters of other times; and a constant tendency to relapse into sheerly hysterical excitement. They have insisted on measures that made restraint inevitable, in spite of the reluctance of the authorities; they have been treated with all possible leniency while serving their sentences, and the only coercion that was exercised was the coercion necessary to save them from themselves. But instead of accepting this as an un-

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pleasant but unavoidable consequence of their own conduct, a self-determined feature of the course of action they had adopted, they have come from their confinement with piteous tales of martyrdom and unwarranted cruelty. They refused to eat; and they were compelled to take nourishment. What barbarity! They tore their clothing to pieces and smashed the windows of their cells; and the ordinary disciplinary measures of the prison were employed. What inconceivable fiendishness!—And so the whole stupid business has gone on, and the world has been invited to wonder at the heroic charge of the fair brigade. . . .

But has not somebody blundered?

A child, crying itself into convulsions, might resent the necessary remedial treatment and expect the universe—or whatever conception it might have of the universe—to sympathize with it; and the child might have had a legitimate grievance as the starting point for its emotional paroxysm. But no one would consider the convulsions desirable, for the child's sake, or for the sake of argument.

Miss Milholland was asked, *à propos* of the militant suffragettes: "Do Christ-like principles count at all with them?"

She replied: "Nothing counts but votes for women." Fortunately, she added later: "There is nothing more Christ-like than to make the world happier for others to live in."

The sex-war—if war it is to be—should be a conflict of principles, not of police; of ideals, not of idiocy. The women of England had to prove that the order established for centuries was wrong, that both in theory and in practice the political equality of the sexes was just and necessary. They have attempted to prove it by adopting in its silliest form the silly argument of force. If this is the most valuable contribution they can make to the world's progress, in an age when universal peace has been discussed as a definite and almost immediate possibility,—a possibility that would have been transformed into a probability if the United States Senate had not adopted precisely the viewpoint of the militant suffragettes—they cannot expect the continued assistance of those who believe in freedom and equality, and therefore in the right of women to share the duties and privileges of political, as of social, life; but who do

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not wish to associate a cause that should be essentially as Christ-like—in Miss Milholland's sense of the term—as anything human can be, with the nonsensical outbursts of the would-be London Terrorists.

* * *

A FEW of the suffragists of America have not known quite what to do with regard to the English excesses, in view of the feeling of disgust generally aroused; whether to condemn, trenchantly, or to approve,—with subdued applause. Complete and reckless abandonment may be the easiest way; but their own inherent common sense will save the vast majority of American women from indorsing mistaken and unhappy methods that would assuredly—if they were considered typically feminine or feminist—settle the question of Votes for Women very decisively, and for a long time to come.

* * *

IT is not fair to visit the sins of society on the suffragettes and to hold the militant leaders responsible for measures that are merely rumored. But many supporters of the movement on this side of the Atlantic are quite unaware of the extraordinary degree to which intimidation has been practised by the women in England and the consequent tendency to accept even the wildest extremes as possible. One believer in incendiary arguments was sentenced at the end of March to six months' imprisonment in the second division, for attempting to set fire to the General Post Office. As a second division prisoner she will have many privileges not granted to the ordinary offender,—another example of masculine tyranny. The presiding judge explained that if she had not been in indifferent health her sentence would have been more severe. It is to be hoped that the women's papers will protest against such flagrant vindictiveness.

The British Museum, for some time placed under special restrictions, has now been closed, in fear of wanton damage; while a recent report credited the hammer brigade with the intention of invading the National Gallery and destroying the art treasures of the nation. That such measures were even contemplated, seems incredible; but that they were seriously enter-

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tained by the authorities, and precautions taken, shows that the resort to sweet reasonableness has gone about as far as it could be stretched.

* * *

YET, though condemnation seems not merely just, but altogether necessary, it is just and necessary also, even while condemning, to try to realize the conditions and to make all due allowances. It is true, to a large extent, that in those countries where women have obtained political freedom without any recourse to violence or repellent methods, they have had the sympathy and encouragement of the men. In England the majority of the men have been opposed to the movement, actively or passively. Some of the more primitive have found characteristic ways of expressing their disapproval; and the women have retaliated with equally primitive tactics. Yet, when all has been said, it does not amount to exoneration. And it may fairly be suggested that where women have secured the vote with the willing acquiescence of the men, it was because they had proved their fitness by dignity; not because they were deemed capable of proving their unfitness—if need were—by their extravagance.

* * *

THERE were some noble words spoken in the conclusion of Colonel Roosevelt's speech at Carnegie Hall; words not unworthy of the Lincoln parallels that have so often been instituted during the present campaign. Lincoln himself might have spoken this peroration, as he would have indorsed it:—that Americans should strive for social and industrial justice; that to succeed, leaders of inspired idealism were needed, able to dream greatly and to make their dreams come true, though facing and accepting with single-heartedness their inevitable destiny, to be cast aside when the work was done; that the watchword must be "spend and be spent"; that the cause was the cause of humanity, and that shame and disgrace would be the country's portion if the golden hopes of men were trailed in the dust, and nothing were done but to set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance.

Brave words, and true; yet coming strangely from the man who more than any other leader of public opinion fought reso-

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lutely to kill the greatest movement of our time and to wreck those "golden hopes" of peace that less brilliant but more sincere men had brought with patience almost to fruition. When history is written, the empty words and vain phrases of the demagogues will find scant record: deeds, good and evil, will be remembered. And no more evil deed has been done in our generation than this deliberate pandering to ignorance and prejudice, in the name of our national "honor"!

* * *

THROUGH the initiative of Mr. A. J. Balfour, a professorship has been endowed at Cambridge University to promote the experimental study of heredity and of development by descent. It will be called the Balfour Professorship of Genetics. The extension of the movement to our own universities is very desirable.

* * *

THE day is coming when the free and independent American citizen will be permitted to assume a straw hat; but until the fateful hour has struck, not one man in a thousand would venture, greatly daring, to make himself conspicuous by making himself comfortable, if the thermometer should by chance record summer temperatures before it is traditionally authorized to do so. A little more laxity is now happily shown with regard to the abandonment of summer headgear; but not many men out of each hundred would violate the fixed-date edict, even if sunny skies should smile temptation, reinforced by an official "90° in the shade." Of all the little tyrannies of life, the tyranny of the sheep-rule is the most irritating. No silly self-sufficiency is sillier than the self-sufficiency of the automaton which accepts the custom as immutably rooted in the basic foundation of all things, and smiles derisively at any human being who happens to be less sheep-like.

* * *

THE Pope has decided to raise the age-limit for ordination to the priesthood from the canonical twenty-four to twenty-eight. It is desired to give ordinands a more thorough training in philosophy as well as in theology, and it is also felt that at the

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maturer age a man can better realize his own intellectual position, so that there will be less danger of those defections which occur from time to time in all religious organizations, and also of the mental disturbance and distress which so often afflict the more earnest members of a Church. It is not the placid, unquestioning, uninitiative adherents of a faith who are the most valuable; but the restless, the alert: those who keep in touch with modern science and modern thought; who will not twist divergent facts into line with previous rigid beliefs, but will bring their theories into adjustment with sustained discoveries. There has been a long antagonism between theology and biology, between the science which is knowledge, and the non-science which is nonsense. But it is obviously not the truths of Christianity that have ever been endangered by the resistless inquisitiveness of science: it is the accretions of falsehood due to human fallibility. As Cardinal Merry del Val introduced electricity into the Vatican, so, far and near, in village and in city, the work of the Churches must be electrified, must be brought into intimate correspondence with the vital necessities of the people to-day. Not the dead hand, but the quick brain and the warm heart are needed. And every movement must be welcomed that tends to substitute intelligent activity for automatic routine. The man of twenty-eight who seeks ordination and is consecrated to his life-work should be wiser and surer than the younger and undeveloped man. The late Sir Leslie Stephen explained in his *Reminiscences* that he had renounced his Orders in the Anglican Church after a few years, not because he had changed his mind on any article of belief, but because he found, on self-examination, that he had never believed the teaching of the Church. The habit of self-examination comes slowly to many men and leads them often into awkward dilemmas.

* * *

A YEAR ago the Post-Impressionists came, were seen, and conquered—here and there. Now, an experimental critic has labelled them, tentatively: they are the "Pastists"—for is not their object to regain the expressiveness of the child and the aborigine, the archaic and the primitive? But the Futurists—

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the Italian Futurists—have arrived. They are the latest enigma. As may be surmised, they claim to be concerned only with the future. The claim may readily be admitted. But the interpretation is peculiar. "Standing upon the extreme promontory of the centuries, why should they look behind when they have to break in mysterious portals of the Impossible?" No doubt. But if the future is to be conceived in terms of impossibility, the art of the Futurists is impressive: it has to realize the Impossible. "To admire an old picture," their manifesto says, "is to pour our sensitiveness into a funeral urn instead of casting it forward in violent gushes of creation and effort. . . ." "Violent" is appropriate. It is Senatorial—august.

Is impossibility possible? Can one really "by *force lines,* by ignoring perspective, by making opaque objects transparent, by inventing a synthesis of what one remembers and what one sees," create a work of art? There is room for discussion. The London critic who perpetrated "Pastists" adds: "But out of their extravagance and nebulousness something may ultimately emerge of the brilliant and earnest spirit of which one gets glimpses in their work. . . . Post-Impressionism and Futurism are seeking desperately to make modern art more expressive of our own strange times. . . . ." Precisely. He concludes: "But of Post-Impressionism it was said that it had to be seen to be believed; of Futurism it may certainly be said that it has to be believed to be seen." *Credo quia impossibile.*

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